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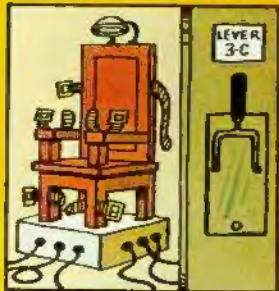
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GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JANET SERPICO,
DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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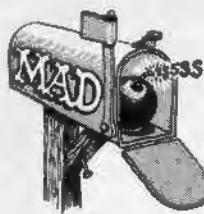
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Yessiree . . . none of these full color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid—suitable for framing, or wrapping fish—left our stock room after our last ad. Maybe we'll do better with this one! Send 35¢ for 1, 75¢ for 3, \$1.55 for 9, \$3.15 for 27 or \$6.35 for 81 to MAD, 485 MADISON Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022



LETTERS DEPT.



ONE CUCKOO FLEW OVER THE REST

I'm grateful MAD decided to seek asylum. "Cuckoo's Nest" was a magnificent choice of a movie, as Jack Nicholson's deserved Oscar award indicates. I saw it here in Copenhagen, and while at school in Zurich. May I say that Mort Drucker organized the inmates even better than McGooey did.

Merete Stensig
Copenhagen, Denmark

Mort Drucker and Dick De Bartolo really committed themselves this time.

Sabina D. Romine
Grants Pass, Ore.

Drucker and De Bartolo feathered that "Cuckoo's Nest"!

Tom Bayone
Cedartown, Ga.

MARTIN AT THE WARSAW DIKE

My husband, being Polish, thoroughly enjoyed Don Martin's "Late One Afternoon At The Warsaw Dike." Oddly enough, he didn't see anything wrong when he first looked at it. I, on the other hand, am Bohemian, so I noticed right away that the water was on the wrong side of the dike.

Vicki Kluska
Burlington, Iowa

"Late One Afternoon At The Warsaw Dike" proves that Don Martin is the best. It also proves that he's met my husband!

Edith Kowalski
Toronto, Ont.
Canada

In "Warsaw Dike", Don Martin's little guy comes up for air and says "Kopf Gahuff Puff Kapf". I wonder if you guys realize what that means in Polish!?

Sara Jane Rowe
Arkadelphia, Ark.

By his senseless use of the word "Warsaw," Mr. Martin has transformed a harmless cartoon into an inherently demeaning ethnic joke.

Earl Divoky
Arcola, Texas

Poland is nowhere near the sea! Don Martin is playing with a stacked dike!

Caren Croland
Glen Rock, N.J.

I fail to find anything funny about it!

Irving Stanislavotowsky
Porterville, Calif.

LAWSUITS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

Whereas the plaintiffs consist of the browsers of fine magazine stands who have had to endure a trashy magazine that costs 50¢ and calls itself "cheap" even though a daily newspaper can be used to swat flies at a fraction of the cost. Now, therefore, the plaintiffs accuse said magazine of newsstand pollution and demand that the writers be sentenced to holding their fingers in holes on the wrong side of the dike that holds back the residue from the National Long-Distance Spitting Contest for a period of at least ten years or any intervening dry spell.

John Stettler
Lawrence, Kan.

MAD'S "NICE" GRAFFITI

"MAD's 'Nice' Graffiti," by Clarke and Siegel, was . . . er . . . a welcome change.

Chris Marcheschi
Muskego, Wis.

THE CREATURE FROM THE MARGINALS

I'm one who delves into the Marginals, before reading the rest of the magazine. When I finish them, it's like emerging from a very special little world!

Germaine Chomette
Los Angeles, Calif.

DISASTER MAGAZINE

The only "Disaster Magazine" I know is MAD!

Matthew Meyer
Fair Haven, N.J.

"Disaster Magazine" is as funny as a rubber fire escape!

Dominick Piturro
Bronx, N.Y.

...as funny as an usher in the Black Hole of Calcutta!

Dennis Burke
Norristown, Pa.

Paul Peter Porges and Jack Davis are MAD's excellent Grin Reapers!

Cole Steinless
Marina Del Rey, Calif.



Paul Peter Porges's Idea
of a Real Disaster!

BIG CITY PARKING PROBLEMS

This letter is to congratulate Al Jaffee on "MAD Solutions To Big City Parking Problems." With the possible exception of the helicopter bit, these are the most practical problem solvers since your idea of parking empty dump trucks, side by side, throughout the city during a snow-storm. The snow stops, the trucks drive away, clean streets the result. Seriously, Jaffee's parking gimmicks sound as though they might work.

Arthur Berman
Rego Park, N.Y.

On Jaffee's Ferris Wheel Concept, how do the cars get turned around in their parking space? You show the car headed in and then on the exit it is headed out. Also, the Lazy Susan Facility shows cars nosed in to park but nosed out to exit. It's MADdening!

Royden G. Anderson
Palmer, Mich.

Al Jaffee can't back out of that one!—Ed.

Thanks to Al Jaffee's "Parking Problems," I solved my own. The only trouble is keeping the car from sliding off my roof.

Mark Berg
San Antonio, Texas

ALFRED TREE-PLANTING COVER

I've always been intrigued by the work of Bob Jones, ever since I read of his humanizing animals, such as the Exxon tiger, in a book called "The Art Of Humorous Illustration." Hope Alfred doesn't get trampled in that dog dash.

Kathy Quail
Waretown, N.J.

Hope the rest of the gang let that desperately "dancing" Dalmatian go first!

Vicki Herrick
Glenview, Ill.

I'll bet Bob Jones is for the underdog!
Greg Fawcett
Medina, Ohio

TWO FINGER EXERCISE MINI-POSTER

Your Mini-Poster, "Let Your Fingers Do The Walk-(expletives)," was a real glitch.

Bonnie Levy
Washington Township, N.J.

Concerning your Mini-Poster on the back of July's issue, whatever happened to "link sausage"?

Holly Weissel
San Mateo, Calif.

"Fingers" changed my mind about thumbing through MAD!

Roscoe Bunce
Valley Stream, N.Y.

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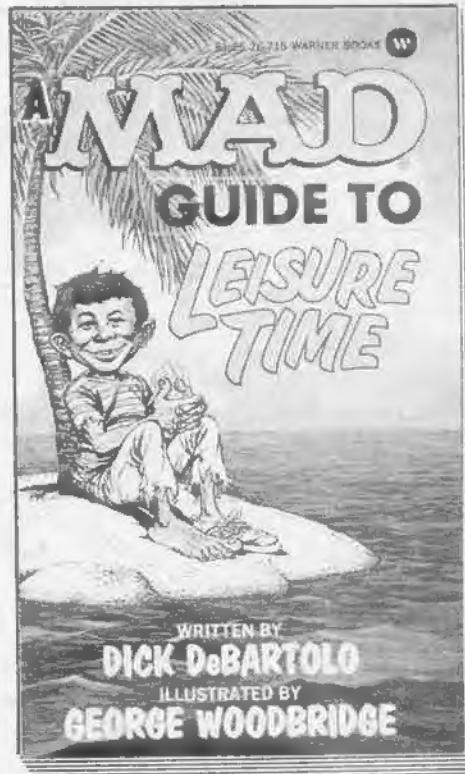
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SPOCK 'N ROLL DEPT.

TV being the ridiculous industry it is, no one should be surprised that the hottest show around is one that folded eight years ago. We mean, of course, "Star Trek," which is being kept alive by tens of thousands of dedicated, fanatic "Trekkies." Considering "Star Trek's" popularity, it's only a matter of time before someone turns it into a Broadway Musical. So, before that happens, we'll do it first, with

KEEP THE MAD'S

Captain's Log—Stardate: 10-5-76! Through an incredible time warp, the crew of the Starship "Improvise" has been summoned by some mysterious power to a meeting back aboard the retired ship **eight years** after the death of the show!

"Isn't it strange?
After eight years—
Him playing Captain again—
Me with my ears!
Send in the crew!"

Look at me now—
At my old post—
Happy that I can forget
"Barbary Coast!"
Where is my crew?
Send in my crew!"

See our old ship—
Down from the sky!
None of the engines
Are working.
And neither am I!"

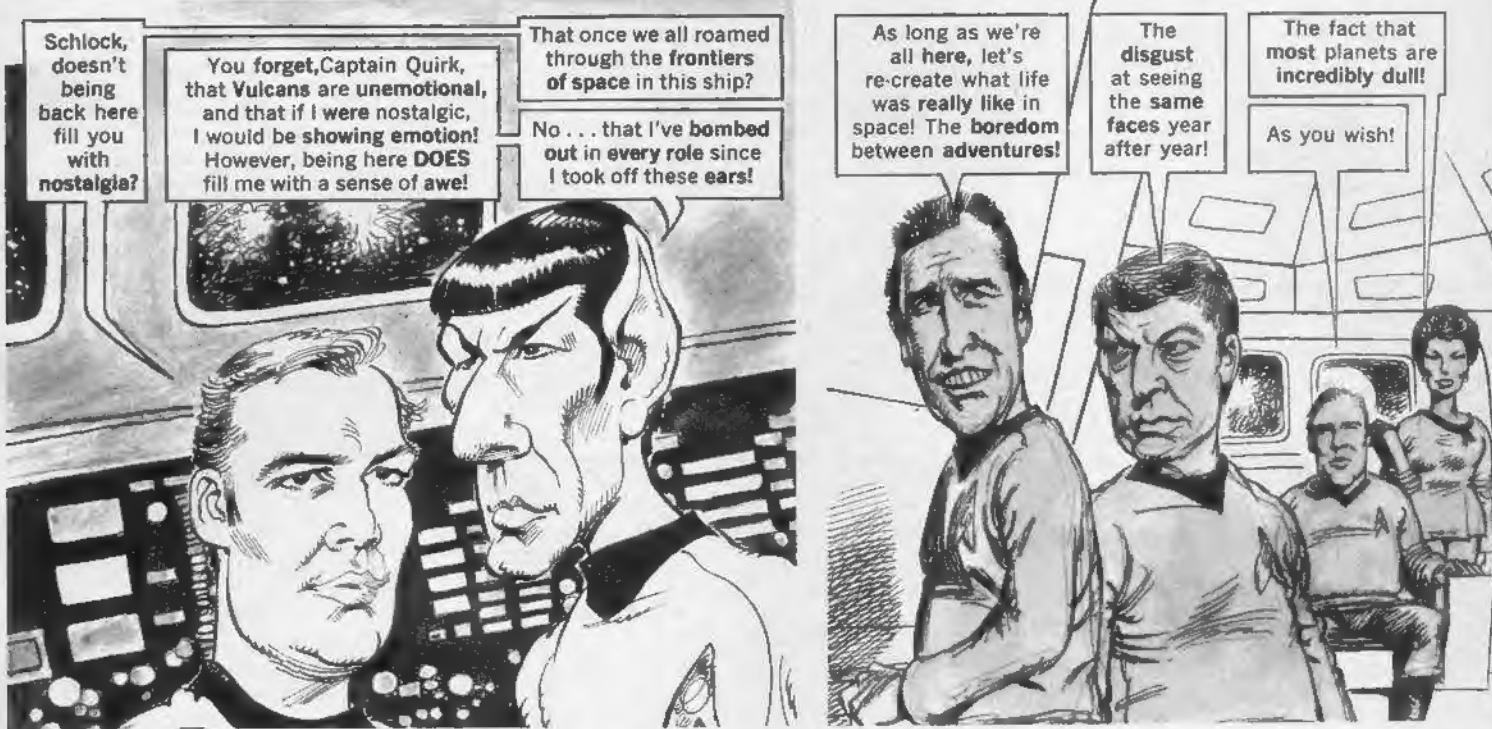
Once I was saving
Their lives with
My medical skill!
Where am I now?
Over the hill!"

How have we done?
Not well, we fear—
Typecast as spacemen,
Which means...
We've no career!
So send in the crew!
This old, washed-up crew!
We're better off here!"



* Sung to the tune of "Send In The Clowns"

ON TREKIN' "TAR TREK" MUSICAL



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



Captain's Log—Stardate 23-45-6-hike! We are cruising through space with a supply of tax forms for an Accountant on Starbase Omega! This may not seem exciting to YOU, but it was either that, or carry 75 Orthodontists to a Convention on Antares!

Look sharp, Mr. Sumu! Level off at Warp Five... and keep a steady course!

Listen to the way he orders us around! He's POWER-MAD!

And keep an eye out for the Great White Whale!

Not to mention CRAZY!

Let's face it! Space is a DRAG...

*What do you get when you fly through space?
You're locked in a ship and don't feel human,
Cooped up in space with smelly crewmen—
I-I'll...never fly through space again-n-n—
I'll never fly through space again!



I'd rather join the un-em-ployed
Than cir-cle some stu-pid ast-er-oid!
Watchin' some stupid planet dyin'
Somewhere out there in East Orion!

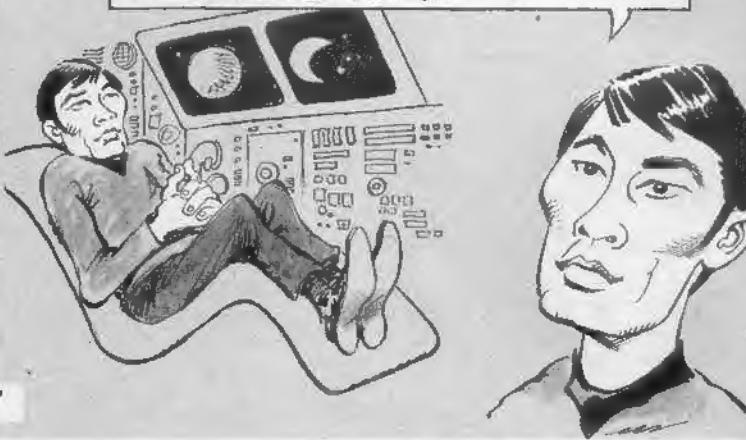


*Sung to the tune of "I'll Never Fall In Love Again"

What do you eat when you fly through space?
Those heat-n-serve meals from Starbase Alpha,
Tasting like hunks of dried alfalfa—
I-I'll...never fly through space again-n-n—
I'll never fly through space again!



What do you do when you fly through space?
You twiddle your thumbs and you count the hours;
Then when you're through, you take cold showers—
I-I'll...never fly through space again-n-n—
I'll never fly through space again!

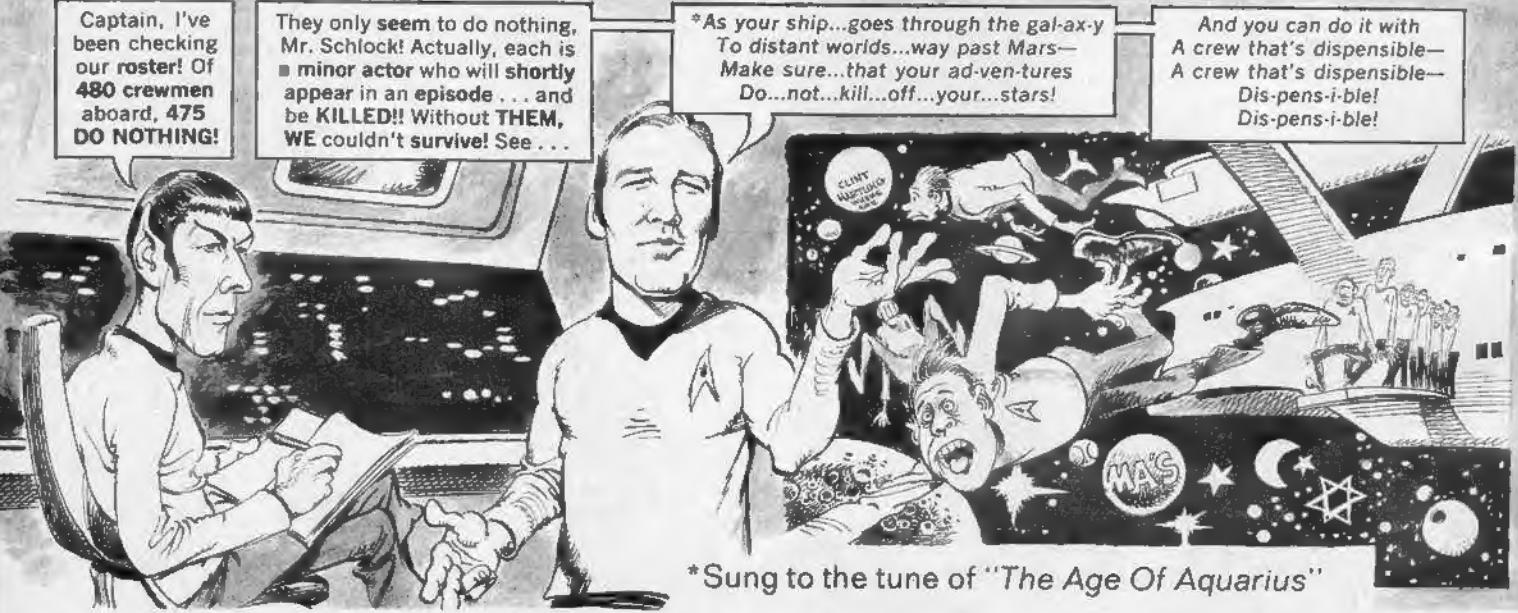


Captain, I've
been checking
our roster! Of
480 crewmen
aboard, 475
DO NOTHING!

They only seem to do nothing,
Mr. Schlock! Actually, each is
a minor actor who will shortly
appear in an episode . . . and be KILLED!! Without THEM,
WE couldn't survive! See . . .

*As your ship...goes through the gal-ax-y
To distant worlds...way past Mars—
Make sure...that your ad-ven-tures
Do...not...kill...off...your...stars!

And you can do it with
A crew that's dispensable—
A crew that's dispensable—
Dis-pens-i-ble!
Dis-pens-i-ble!



*Sung to the tune of "The Age Of Aquarius"



Minor actors that you bring on
Perish when they meet a Klingon!
One-time players not seen later
Vanish in a planet's crater!
Those of us who try to aid them
Fail because the script has made them
Dis-pens-i-ble!
DIS-PENS-I-BLE!

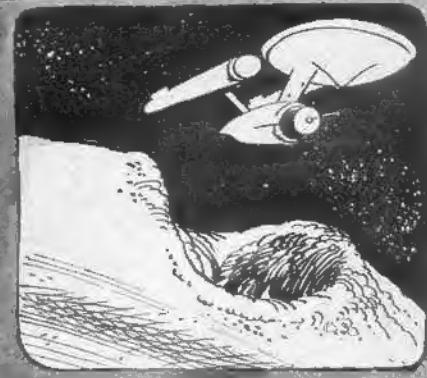
CAPTAIN!!
The ship
can't TAKE
any more!

You mean . . . the
SUPERSTRUCTURE
can't stand our
incredible speed?!

No . . . the CREW
can't stand your
terrible singing!
We're close to
a MUTINY!!

Dr. McGoy,
I think
I've got a
ruptured
appendix!

Take it our your-
self! I'm just not
interested in trite,
hackneyed Earth
ailments any more!



*I'm a doctor out in space,
And, like, I really groove this place,
Because of all the rare dis-ease-es—
Not like your silly coughs or sneezes!
Treating ail-ments that no man be-fore has seen
Is real keen—
They are my kinds...of sick-ness!

Observe that crewman rub his leg;
Last week he got the Neptune Plague;
Today his joints are blue and yel-low—
In seven days he'll turn to Jel-lo—
And that last re-main-ing blob I'll an-a-lyze
When he dies—
This is my kind...of sick-ness!



While beaming up from Gamma II,
I thought this man had caught the flu;
But then his mouth was growing fangs there—
And now from ceilings he just hangs there—
As I sit and list-en to his last re-quests,
I'll run tests—
This is my kind . . . of sick-ness!

Oh, what a joy it is to see
Each brand-new unknown mal-a-dy—
These men are pleading, "Won't you cure us
"From what we picked up on Arc-tur-us?"
And with ev-ry dy-ing gurg-gle in their throats,
I'll make notes—
These are my kinds...of sick-ness!



*Sung to the tune of "The Sound Of Silence"

There's only
ONE THING
I love better
than a space
disease, and
that's baiting
Mr. Schlock!

Hey, Schlock!
Why does a
Vulcan have
pointed ears?

I . . . I don't
know! Why . . . ?

So he can count to twelve!

ANOTHER "Vulcan Joke"!
How long must I put up
with this mockery?! If
only these clods knew
how a Vulcan really feels!

*It's having pointed ears and hearing crewmen
telling Vulcan jokes on ship;
And it's always playing straight-man to McGoy,
who thinks I'm something of a freak;
And it's chatting with computers and discovering I bore
them and they're only chatting back just to be kind;
And it's reaching the conclusion that I'm looked on as a
weirdo and a Vulcan's life is nothing but a grind!



It's having blood that's green and with your
stomach situated 'bove your heart;
And it's knowing how to paralyze a Romulan by
fingering his neck;
And it's working here with Quirk and all his Earthlings
who compared to me are morons of the least developed kind;
And it's reaching the conclusion that they've cast me
as a "token" and a Vulcan's life is nothing but a grind!



It's mastering telepathy and knowing what the
other crewmen think;
And finding out there's nothing on their minds
but sex and making out in space;
And it's having no emotions so I really have no inkling
of what "making out" means to the human mind;
And it's reaching the conclusion that I must be missing
something and a Vulcan's life is nothing but a grind!



*Sung to the tune of "Gentle On My Mind"

Sir, I'm
picking
up faint
signals
from
Planet
Pinkus!

Any life forms there, Mr. Schlock?

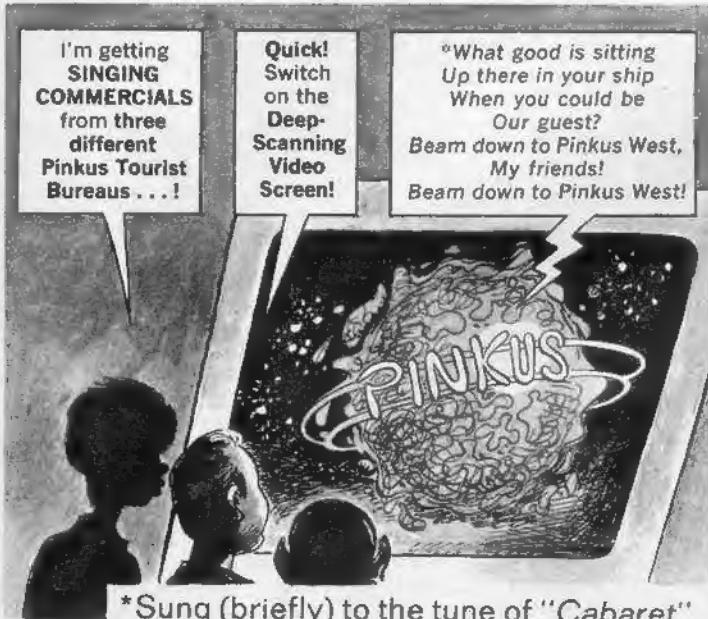
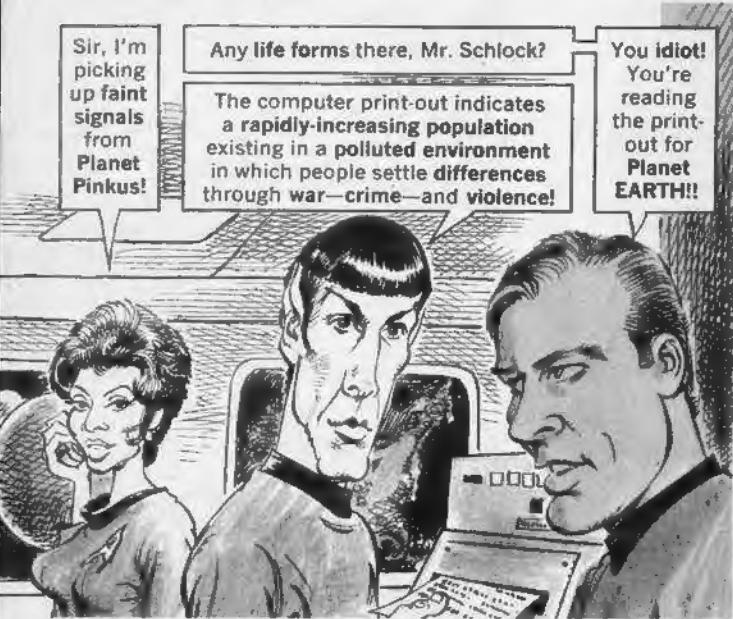
The computer print-out indicates
a rapidly-increasing population
existing in a polluted environment
in which people settle differences
through war—crime—and violence!

You idiot!
You're
reading
the print-
out for
Planet
EARTH!!

I'm getting
**SINGING
COMMERCIALS**
from three
different
Pinkus Tourist
Bureaus . . . !

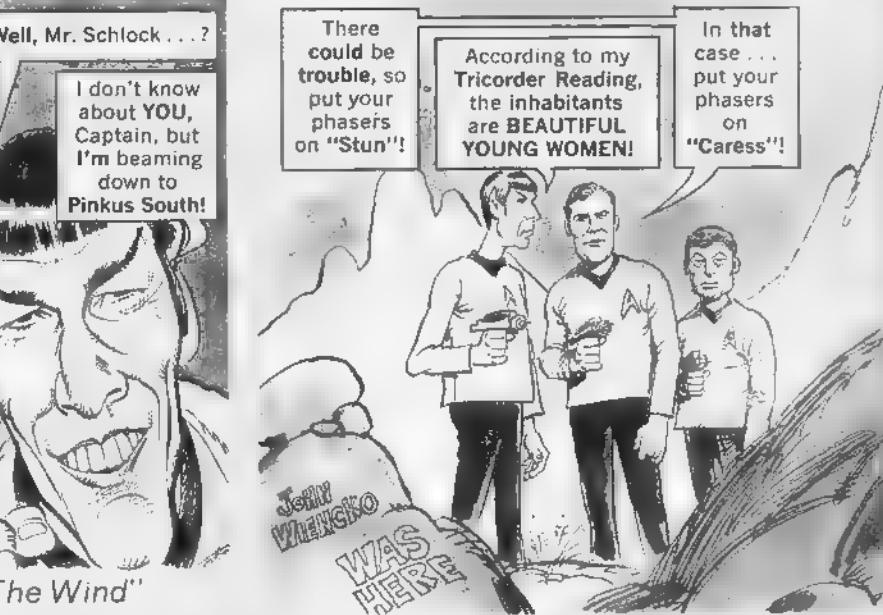
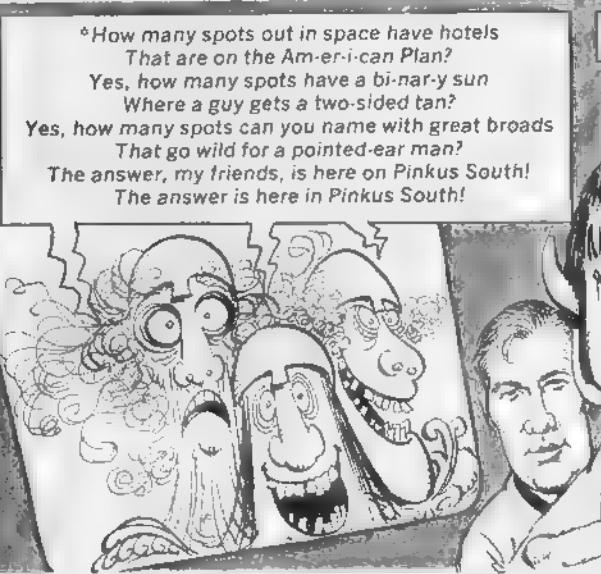
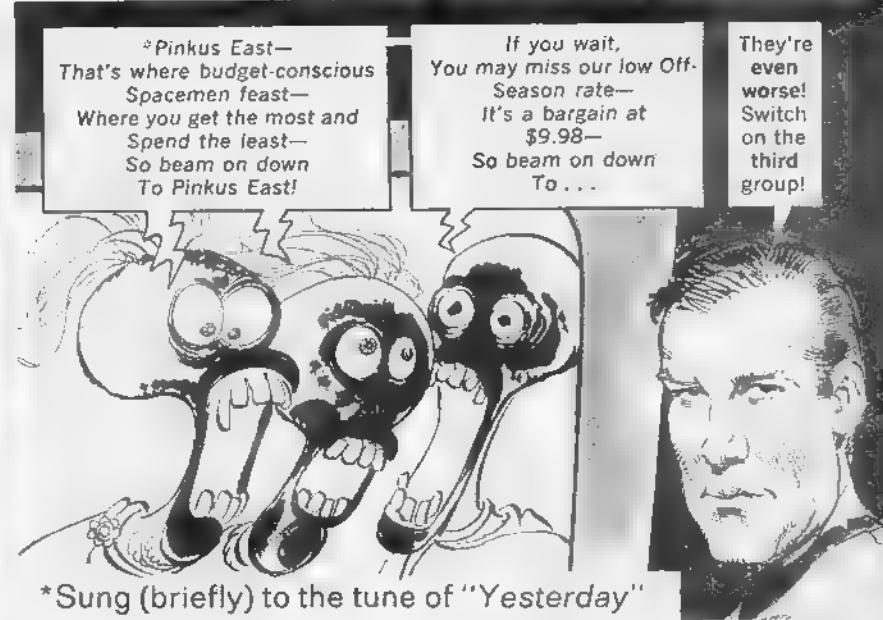
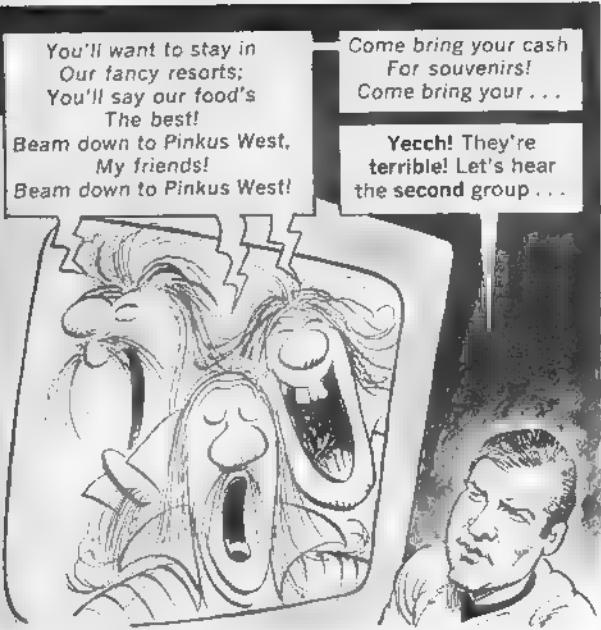
Quick!
Switch on the
Deep-
Scanning
Video
Screen!

*What good is sitting
Up there in your ship
When you could be
Our guest?
Beam down to Pinkus West,
My friends!
Beam down to Pinkus West!

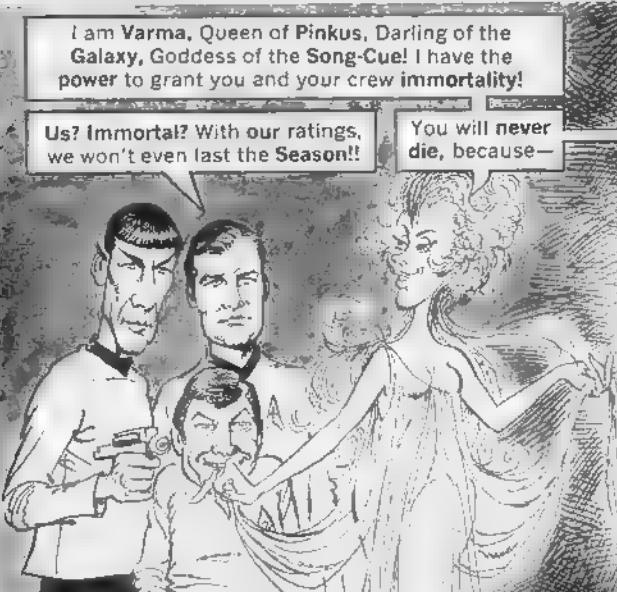


*Sung (briefly) to the tune of "Cabaret"





*Sung (briefly) to the tune of "Blowing In The Wind"



*Sung to the tune of "Call Me"

Re-runs!
You'll stay immortal with
Re-runs!
You'll live forever on
Re-runs!
Lasting for years on TV!

Life will be juic-y!
You'll out-do Lucy!
When your old shows are re-played!
No one can stop . . . you!
They won't dare drop . . . you!
And, like, man, you'll have it made!

When you see your
Youth-ful face go,
And you're fat and
Dis-si-pat-ed,
You can still through
Deep-est space go,
Young and slim and
Syn-di-cat-ed!

Re-runs!
You'll stay immortal with
Re-runs!
You'll live forever on
Re-runs!
Lasting for
years on
TV!



Captain's Log—Stardate: 54-40 or fight! Our flashback is over and we're back where we were when this musical started—still waiting for that mysterious power who summoned us together eight years after the death of our show!

Sorry to keep
you waiting,
Gentlemen!
Now, let's get
right down to
business . . .

So YOU'RE the Mysterious Power!!

That's right! I'm a Vice-President
of NBC! We want you and your crew
to fly through space again . . . coast
to coast . . . on Network Prime Time!

Are you crazy?
We'd be out
of our minds!
We're sitting
pretty the
way we are!

We're idolized
by thousands
of Sci-Fi fans!
We're mobbed by
gorgeous teen-
age "Trekkies"!

We've got it made with
RE-RUNS and LECTURES
and CONVENTIONS! With
ROYALTIES pouring in
from BOOKS and MODELS
and TOYS and POSTERS!

We
don't
need
YOU!
We've got—



*Money!
That's the reason
We don't have a care!
Money!
Oh, yessiree, we
Really get our share!

See the Trekkies out there
Who are buying our stuff;
They're hooked, we swear,
And that's enough!

Yes,
Money
Coming
Through—
We love
You!

Money!
Piling up in
Big, e-nor-mous stacks!
Money!
From the sales of
Kits and paper-backs!

Let's cheer those kids
Who go in hock
From buy-ing dolls
Of Mr. Schlock!

Oh,
Money!
We love
You!
Yes, we
Do!



*Sung to the tune of "Sunny"

SMELLY FEATS DEPT.

We have always been intrigued with *The Guiness Book Of World Records*, which lists feats and undertakings that are greater, taller, faster, smaller or older than any others. Recently, MAD began compiling its own set of World Records. And—you know what we found out? We found out that many famous World Records have led to Lesser-Known Follow-Up Records that are even more amazing and stupefying. To show you what we mean, here are excerpts from...

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD

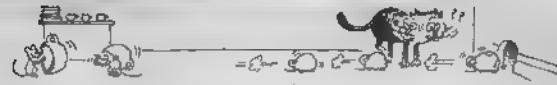


The World Record for Eating Chocolate Bars was set by Lydia Ann Snavely, Skroon City, Idaho, who consumed 187 6-ounce Hershey Milk Chocolate Bars in 37 minutes on December 20, 1974.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The World Record for Acne was set by Lydia Ann Snavely, of Skroon City, Idaho, who suffered 911 eruptions of facial pimples, hickeys and blemishes between December 20 and 26, 1974.



THE NEUMAN BOOK OF WORLD RECORDS

...THAT LED TO
LESSER-KNOWN
FOLLOW-UP
WORLD RECORDS

ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



The Largest Diamond Ever Discovered was found by Mervyn X. Waxbush, who uncovered a stone that weighed 455 carats in a field outside of Pretoria, South Africa, March 13, 1922. The diamond was valued, before cutting, nearly \$5,000,000.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The World Record For Marriage Proposals Received By A Man was held by Mervyn X. Waxbush of Pretoria, South Africa, who received 958 proposals of marriage from women between Mar., 1922, and his death from physical exhaustion in August, 1925.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



The First Pay Telephone was installed in New York City on November 1, 1888.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



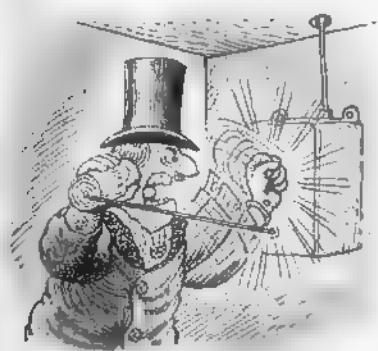
The record for The Fastest Removal **III** An Appendix is held by Dr. Ed Greber of Boston, who, working quickly on the morning **■** June 1, 1955, removed the appendix from a patient in 55 seconds.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The record for Most Fingers Accidentally Cut Off During An Operation belongs to Interne Myron Klutz, who had four fingers sliced off while assisting Dr. Ed Greber in Boston on June 1, 1955.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The First Pay Telephone To Go Out Of order occurred in New York City on Nov. 1, 1888, and was reported by Elmo Jay Finsterhoff. Elmo, incidentally, also became The First Person To Ever Lose Money In A Pay Telephone on that date.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



The record for Water Consumption is held by tourist Elmo Yancy, who, on April 10, 1955, drank three gallons in the village of Carramba, Mexico, after he'd crossed the Baja on foot.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



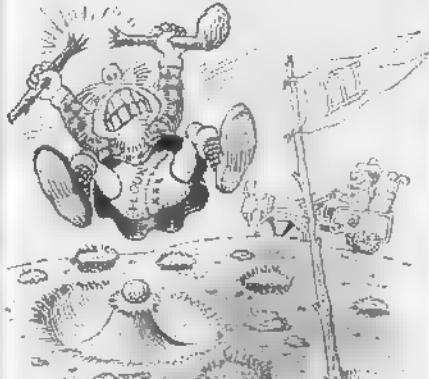
The record for Kaopectate Consumption is held by Elmo Yancy, who, during a seige of "Montezuma's Revenge," drank the contents of thirty-four 12-ounce bottles from April 10th to 15th, 1966.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



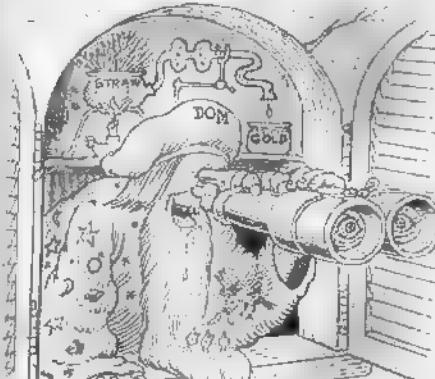
The First Golf Course was completed on August 15, 1644 in a field outside the village of Tavish, Scotland, by Angus MacPherson after 7 years of hard work.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The First Golfer To Break A Club In Disgust was Angus MacPherson, after playing three holes of a course near Tavish, Scotland on August 15, 1644.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



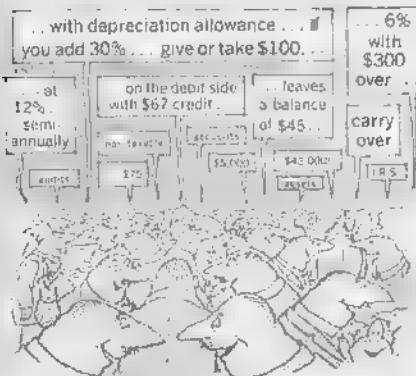
The First Practical Set of Binoculars was invented in 1657 by Antonio Della Scappini, an Italian scientist, who lived in the crowded city of Gronza.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



The World Record for the Greatest Age Difference in a Married Couple was set when Leonard Skaggs, age 112, married Phoebe Weebey, age 16, in a ceremony in Fort Wayne, Indiana, June 3, 1933.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



The Largest Convention in the United States was held May 14th through 19th, 1967, when 14,572 Certified Public Accountants met in the Hilton Hotel in Chicago for their annual meeting.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The Shortest Honeymoon On Record took place in Fort Wayne, Indiana, June 3, 1933, when Leonard and Phoebe Skaggs checked into the Bridal Suite of the Grand Plaza Hotel at 9:45 P.M., and then checked out 17 minutes later to fly to Reno and file for a divorce.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



The Loudest Sound emitted by a mammal is the early Spring mating call of the Spotted Moose of the Northern Yukon, a species that is now near extinction.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



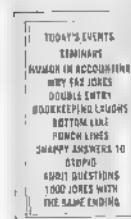
The First Roll-Down Window Shade was invented in 1657 by Rosa Rizzoto, an artist's model, for her bedroom window in the crowded Italian city of Gronza.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



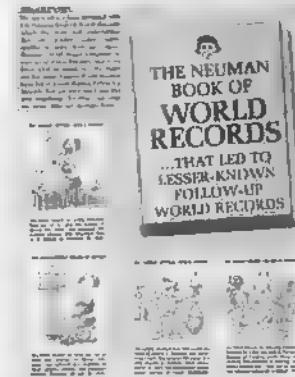
The Deafest Mammal in the World is the female Spotted Moose of the Northern Yukon, according to scientific tests—which may explain its near extinction.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The World Record for Continuous Yawning was held by Wilbur Farquahr, who was a Bellhop in the Hilton Hotel in Chicago, and who yawned without stopping from May 14th to May 18th, 1967.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



The Most Ridiculous Magazine Article Ever Published was an idiotic piece called "The Neuman Book Of World Records That Led To Lesser-Known Follow-Up Records!" which appeared in issue #186 of MAD Magazine on Aug. 17, 1976.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The Most Subscriptions To A Magazine Ever Cancelled In A Single Day occurred the day after issue #186 of MAD Magazine went on sale, Aug. 17, 1976.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

DON MARTIN

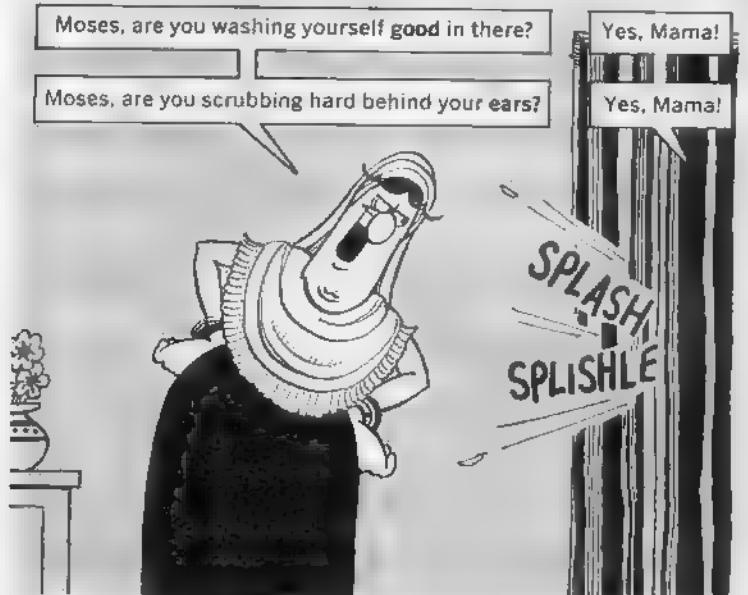
presents

"THE STORY OF MOSES"

PART I-MOSES AS A



PART II-MOSES AS A



PART III-MOSES AS A



CHILD



SMALL BOY

I don't know what it is with that boy! He takes baths, but he never seems to get himself clean!!

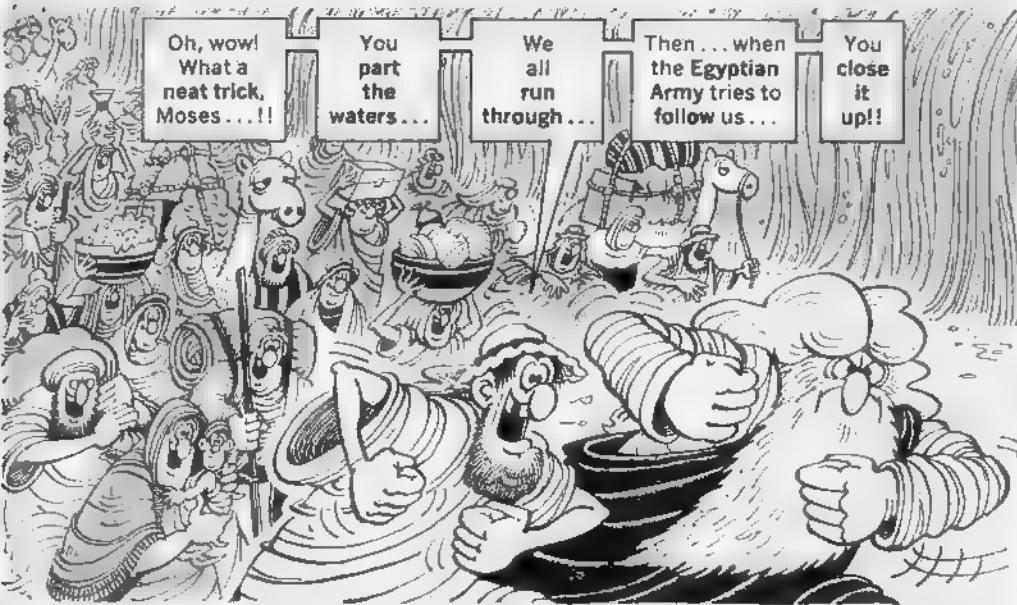


YOUNG MAN

Hey, Moses... get a load of my new boutonniere!!



PART IV-MOSES.... AS AN OLD MAN



Since his death, so many Wills supposedly written by Howard Hughes have appeared that we have lost count. Obviously, they all can't be real. But with an estate valued in excess of two billion dollars, who can blame anyone for trying to grab a piece and become a millionaire? In fact, we here at MAD feel very strongly that you, Dear Reader, should not be left out! So enter your name in the proper space provided in the attached "official" and "authorized" Document, rush down to your Post Office (remembering that old cliché: "First come, first probated.") and mail in your copy in

MAD'S "DO-IT-YOURSELF" HOWARD HUGHES WILL

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

March 3, 1976

I, Howard R. Hughes, being of sound mind and body (sound mind and body for me, at least!), hereby declare this to be my LAST "official" and "authorized" Will:

All of the uncensored and unretouched photographs I personally took of Jane Russell and her unique constructions, I bequeath to Frank Sinatra, who should appreciate them.

My famous wooden airplane, tastelessly nicknamed "The Spruce Goose," I bequeath to Hugh Hefner, who recently was forced to give up his own flying self-indulgence.

All of my beautiful women, regardless of their current conditions, I bequeath to Burt Reynolds, regardless of his current condition.

That top-secret CIA Russian Submarine Recovery Ship, which costs about \$18,000 a day to maintain, I bequeath to the Sea Scouts of America. So sell a lot of cookies, kids!

And the entire balance of my estate, valued at about two billion dollars -- give or take a few million -- I bequeath to because NOT ONCE during my lifetime did this person ever touch me, bother me, help me, or even try to contact me!!

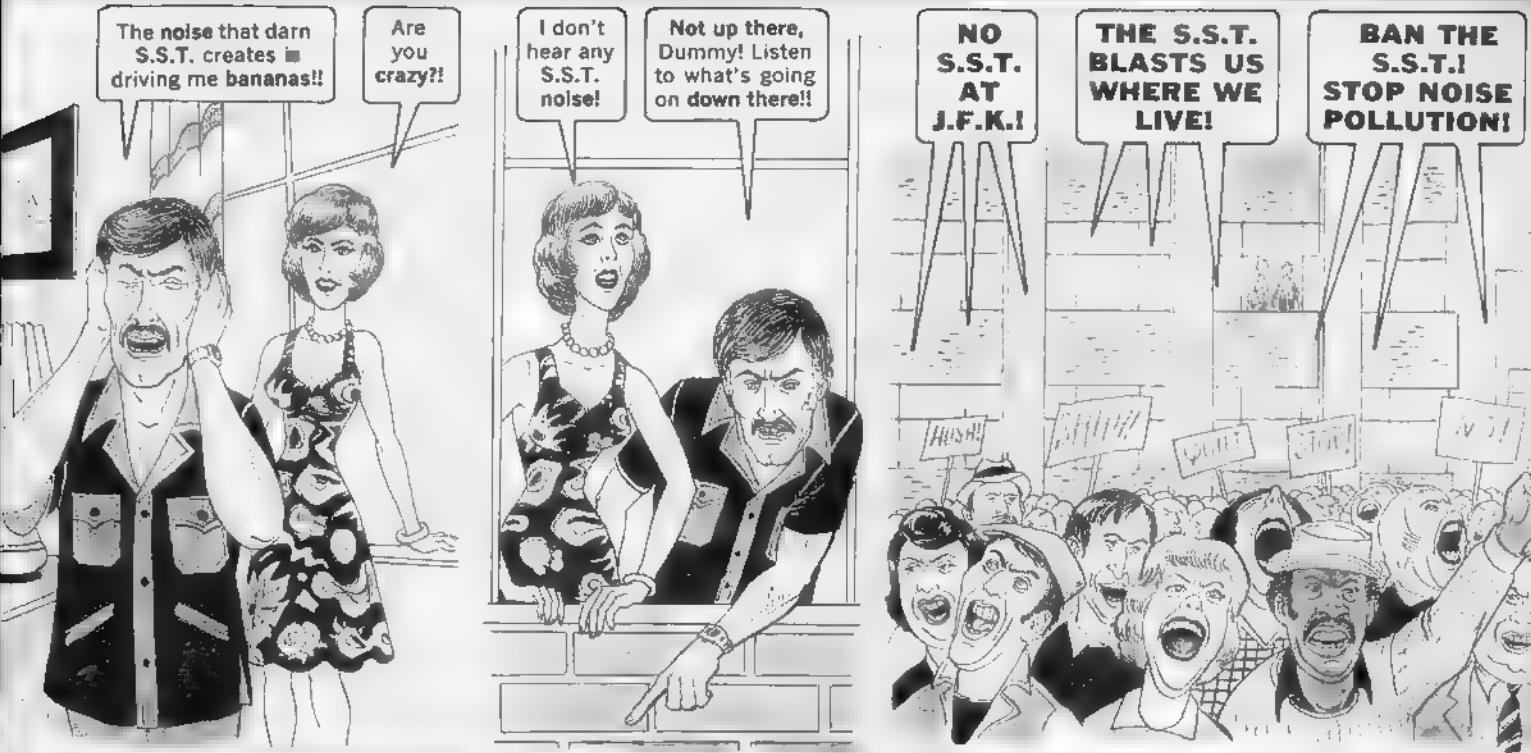
Written and signed by:

Howard R. Hughes

Witnessed by:

Clifford Irving

Alfred E. Neuman



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

NO



RING!



Hello? WHAT . . . ?? Say that again!! WHAT . . . ?? I'm going to report this to the Telephone Company!!

Who IS that . . . ?

I don't know! Some WEIRDO . . . making an obscene phone call!

REALLY?! What's he saying???

I don't know! That's why I'm reporting it to the Phone Company! There's so much static on the line, I can't hear a word he's saying!!



DISSE

WRITER &
ARTIST:
DAVID BERG

We have the noisiest darn neighbors!!

Oh . . . really?

They're always arguing and calling each other terrible names and banging things around and playing their television much too loud!

Frankly, I don't know what you're talking about! I don't hear a thing!

Of course you don't!

You gotta have a GLASS up against the wall!!



THAT DARN RADIATOR-KNOCKING IS DRIVING ME OUT OF MY MIND!!

Don't knock ■

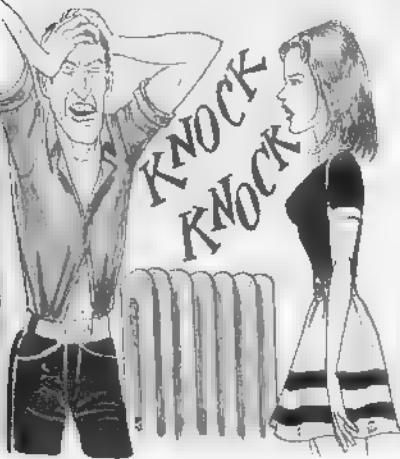
Just remember the times we nearly froze in this apartment, hoping for some heat!

That's true, but . . .

So just be thankful that at last we're getting some steam!

Normally, I WOULD be . . . !!

BUT NOT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SUMMER!!!



What's that buzzing sound?

It's a built-in safety device! The buzzer will stop buzzing when you put on your seat belt!

Well, I'm not gonna let some mindless gadget tell ME what to do! No matter HOW grating it is on my nerves, I WON'T GIVE IN!

Go ahead! Buzz away all you want! You won't break my spirit! My will is strong! My endurance is limitless! I can take it!

Well, I can't! It's awful!

In that case, I'll put on my seat belt! But remember . . . it was YOU, not ME that gave in!!

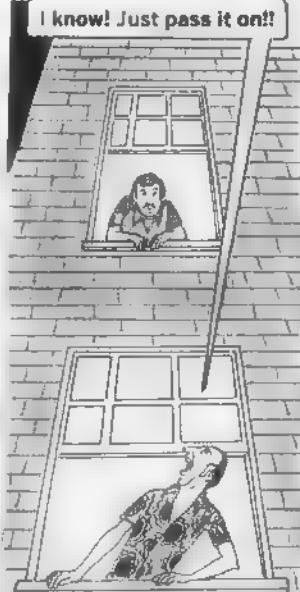


DAMN THOSE PEOPLE AND THEIR WILD NOISY PARTIES!!



Hey, Lipkin! Why are you knocking up at me?? I'm not having the wild noisy party! It's the Levitts . . . two flights up!!

I know! Just pass it on!!



Wouldn't you know it!!! I go to a nice quiet restaurant . . . and a couple comes in with a baby and picks the next table! Now the brat will start to cry and scream and ruin my meal!

Just keep your eye on your watch! In thirty seconds, the little monster is gonna start howling! It never fails!!

WAA!

See?! What did I tell you! Boy, some people are so inconsiderate!!

Sir, could I ask you to stop smoking that cigar! It's so inconsiderate of you! It's ruining our meal, and the smell is making our baby cry!



Good God, what's going on here? You've got a radio and a TV on! AND you're running your vacuum cleaner . . . AND your mix-master! What kind of craziness is that?!

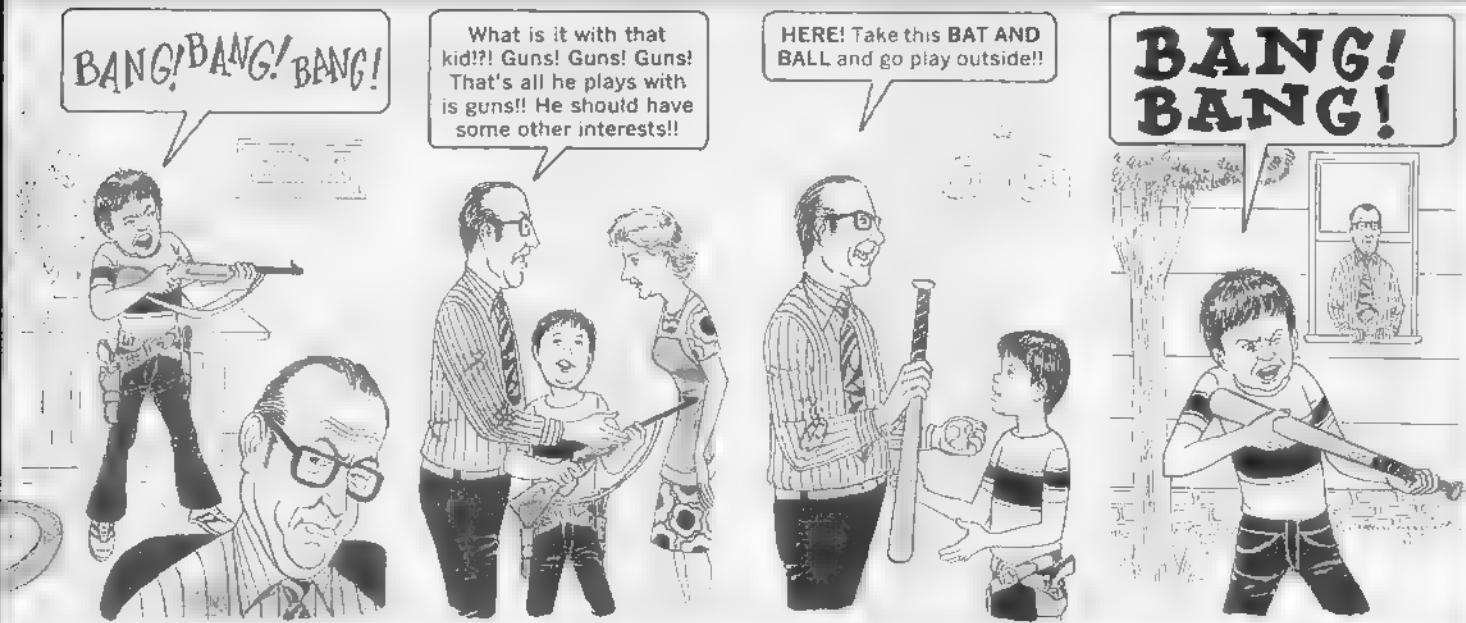
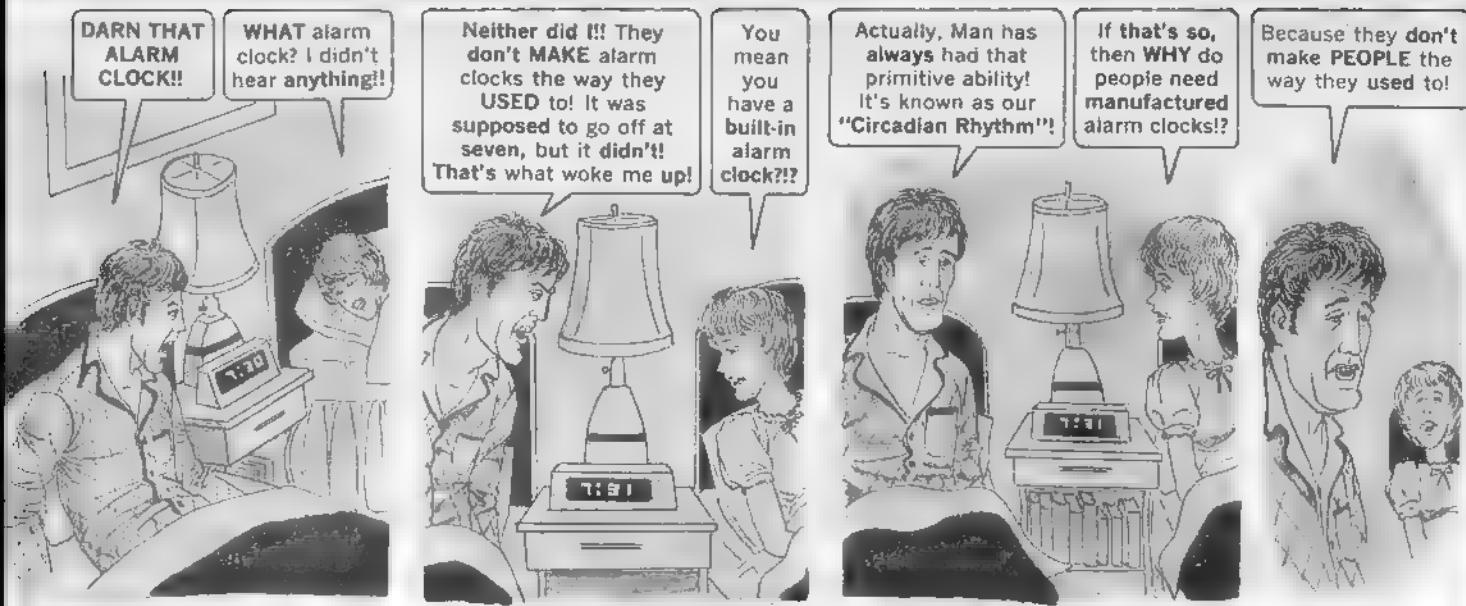
Living alone is a real bummer! I turn all those things on so it won't seem quite so lonely! I'll switch them off . . .

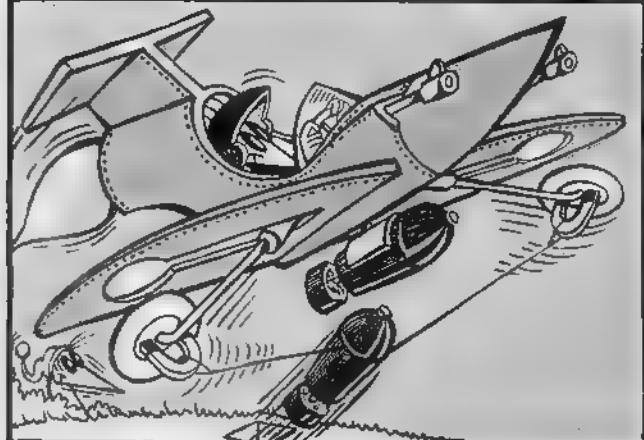
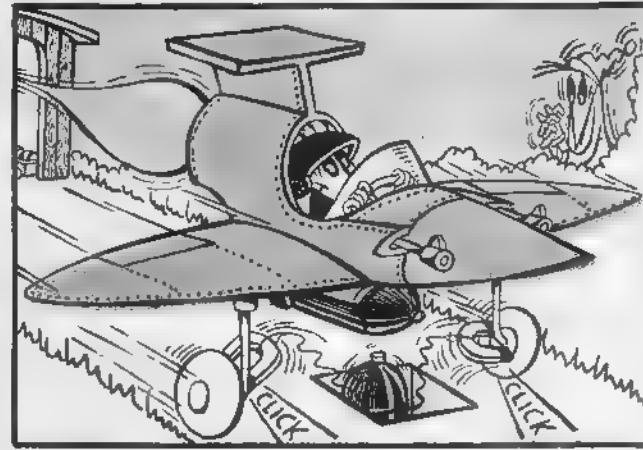
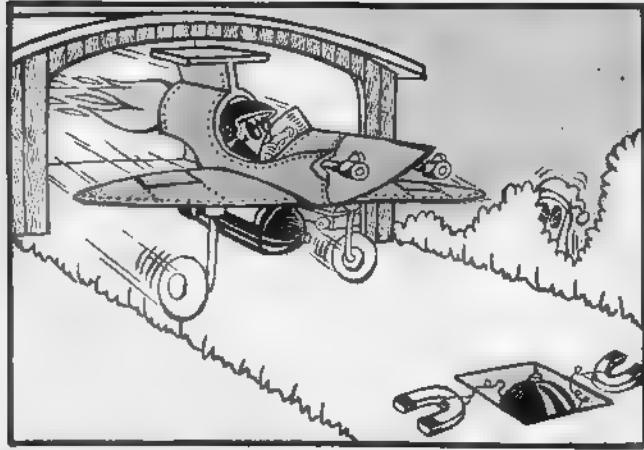
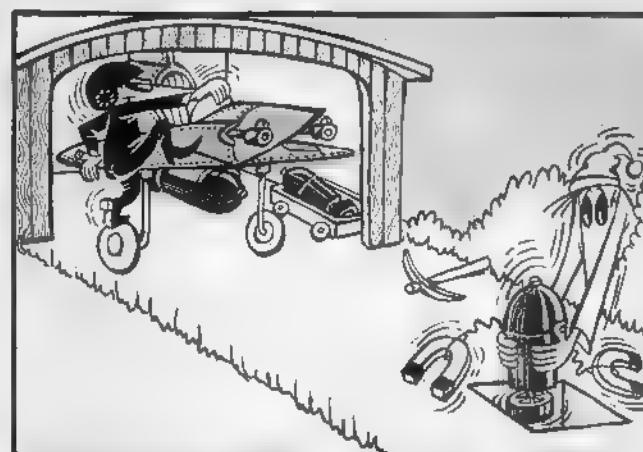
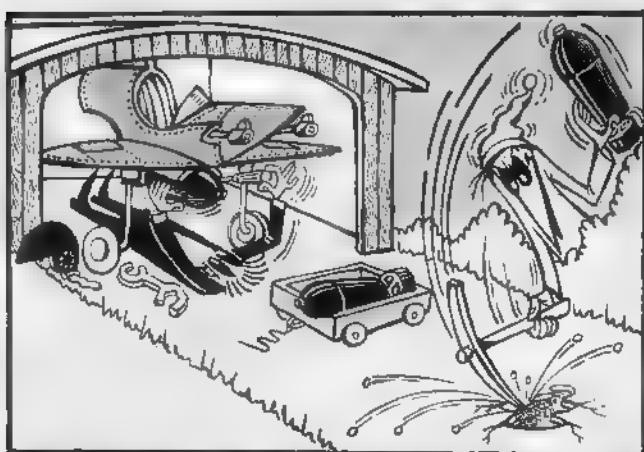
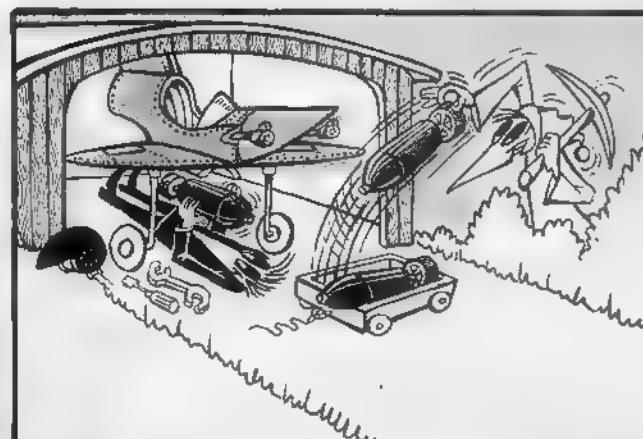
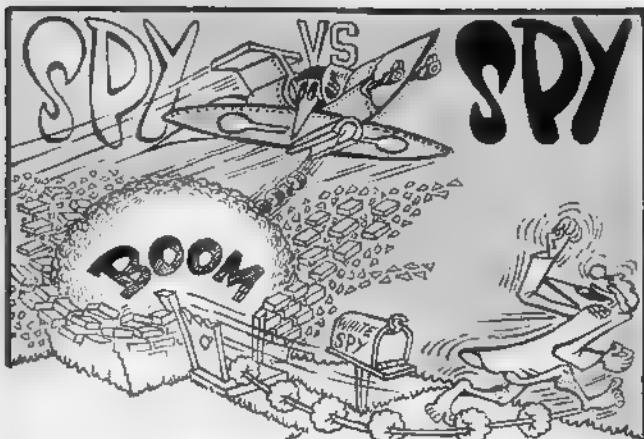
If you're THAT lonely, why don't you get married, or get a roommate??

I don't think that would work out!

I wouldn't know how to switch off a PERSON!





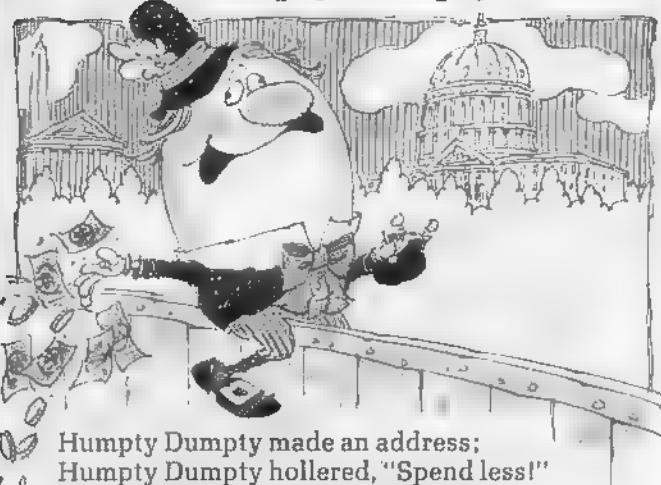


VERSE OF THE PEOPLE DEPT.

What's going on in Nursery Land these days? Well, Tom, Tom the Piper's Son is stuffing ballot boxes, and Jack and Mrs. Sprat are splitting their votes between the Democrats and G.O.P. In other words, it's voting time for Solomon Grundy and his friends, which is our way of introducing . . .

MAD'S

Humpty Dumpty

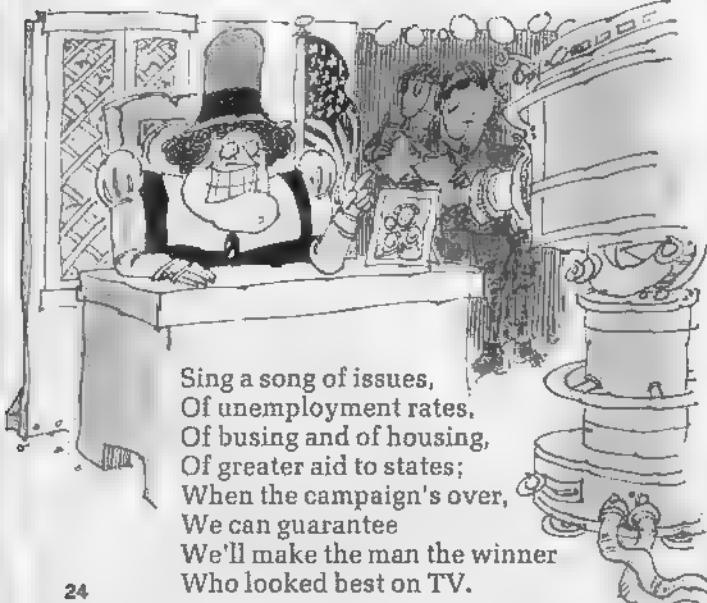


Humpty Dumpty made an address;
Humpty Dumpty hollered, "Spend less!"
All the conservative voters agreed
That Humpty in office was sure to succeed.

Humpty Dumpty spoke to the poor;
Humpty Dumpty hollered, "Spend more!"
All of the liberal voters concurred
That Humpty by far was the one they preferred.

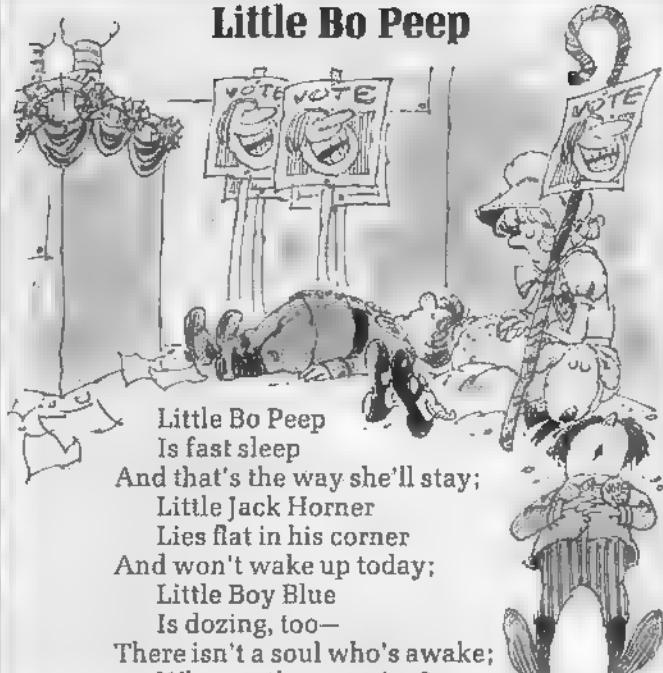
Humpty Dumpty stays on the fence;
Humpty Dumpty knows this makes sense;
He'll win all the voters up North and down South
By making full use of both sides of his mouth.

Sing a Song of Issues



Sing a song of issues,
Of unemployment rates,
Of busing and of housing,
Of greater aid to states;
When the campaign's over,
We can guarantee
We'll make the man the winner
Who looked best on TV.

Little Bo Peep



Little Bo Peep
Is fast sleep
And that's the way she'll stay;
Little Jack Horner
Lies flat in his corner
And won't wake up today;
Little Boy Blue
Is dozing, too—
There isn't a soul who's awake;
Why are they snoring?
From hearing those boring
Long speeches their candidates make.

The Crooked Man



There was a crooked man,
And he had a crooked laugh,
And he ran a crooked office,
And he hired a crooked staff.

He served a crooked term,
And he did a crooked job,
And he rammed through crooked bills
For a crooked local mob.

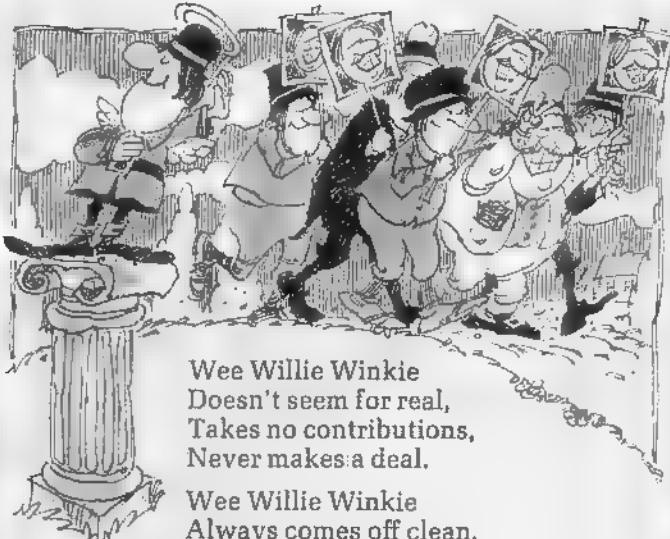
Why back the crooked man
When his crooked ways you see?
Because the rival candidate
Is crookeder than he.

ELECTION-YEAR MOTHER GOOSE

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Wee Willie Winkie

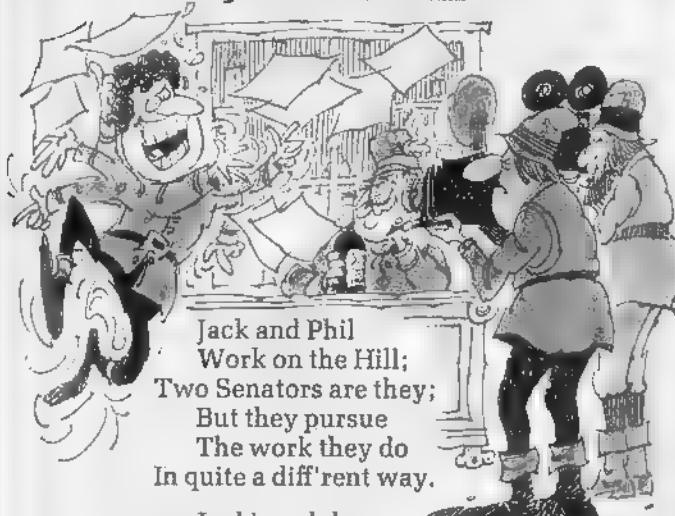


Wee Willie Winkie
Doesn't seem for real,
Takes no contributions,
Never makes a deal.

Wee Willie Winkie
Always comes off clean,
Free from all corruption,
Owned by no machine.

Wee Willie Winkie
Rids himself of sin;
Maybe that's why Willie
Never seems to win.

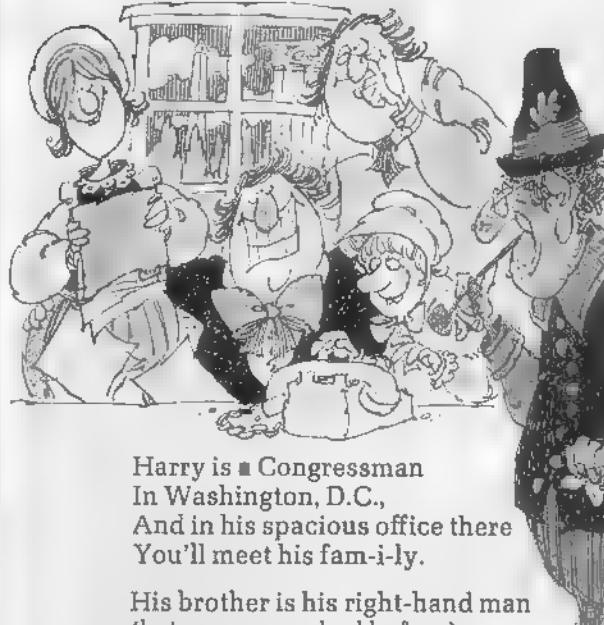
Jack and Phil



Jack and Phil
Work on the Hill;
Two Senators are they;
But they pursue
The work they do
In quite a diff'rent way.

Jack's a slob
Who muffs his job,
While Phil achieves perfection;
It should be clear
Which one this year
Is up for re-election.

Harry is a Congressman



Harry is a Congressman
In Washington, D.C.,
And in his spacious office there
You'll meet his fam-i-ly.

His brother is his right-hand man
(he's never worked before);
His father gets 12 grand a year
(he's paid to shut the door).

His wife works as his filing clerk
(she cannot read or write);
His daughter mans the telephone
(a chimp is twice as bright).

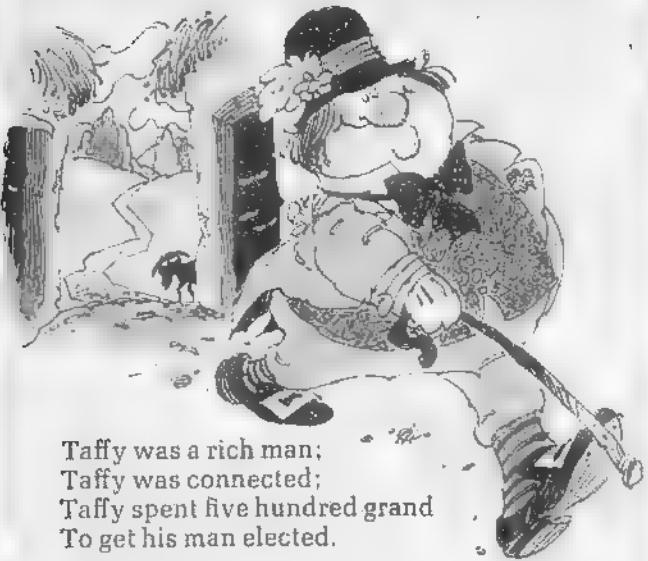
Today when unemployment's high
And folks can't pay their rents,
How nice to know one fam-i-ly's
Found work—at our expense.

The Other Day Upon the Stair



The other day upon the stair
I saw a man who wasn't there;
He wasn't there again today;
I think he's from the C.I.A.

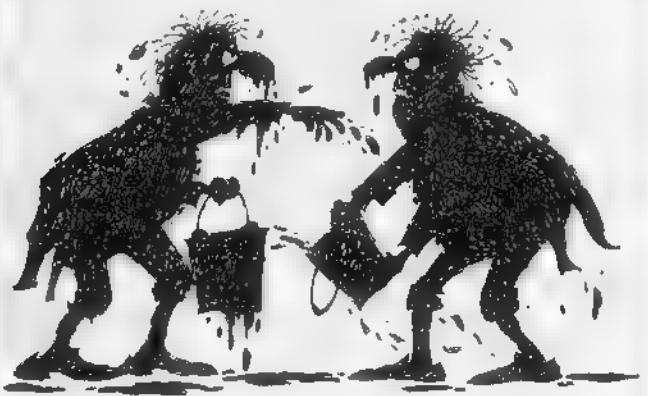
Taffy Was a Rich Man



Taffy was a rich man;
Taffy was connected;
Taffy spent five hundred grand
To get his man elected.

Taffy's now Ambassador
And struts around with pride;
Why don't you spend five hundred grand
And you'll be qualified.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee



Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Were running for the House,
When Tweedledum smeared Tweedledee
By calling him a louse.

Tweedledee said Tweedledum
Had caused a vicious stink,
Then spread the word that Tweedledum
Was going to a "Shrink."

Tweedledum said Tweedledee
Was vile and full of bunk;
"The problem is," said Tweedledum,
"That Tweedledee's a drunk."

Tweedledee said Tweedledum
Was wrong in ev'ry way,
Then whispered to a columnist
That Tweedledum was gay.

Today I heard that Tweedledee
Was spotted at an orgy:
To hell with both—Election Day
I'll write in Georgie Porgie!

As I Was Watching NBC



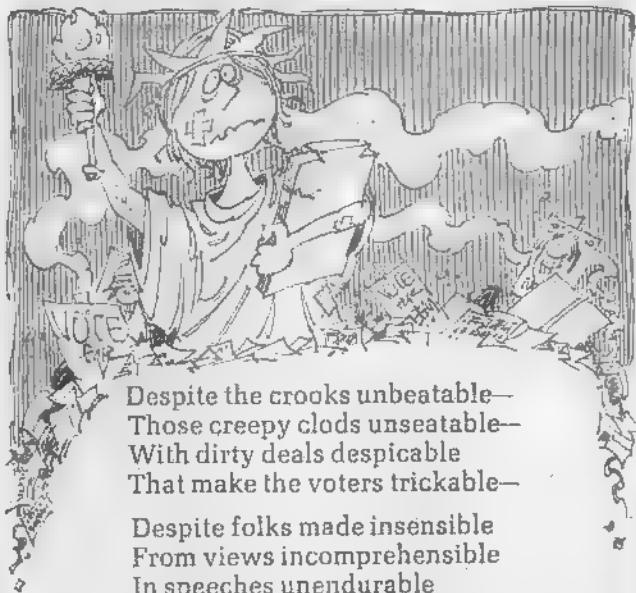
As I was watching NBC,
I heard a newsman telling me
Although returns were barely in
That A would lose and B would win.

As I was watching CBS,
I heard an analyst profess
That his computer could foresee
That C should now concede to D.

As I was watching ABC,
I heard that F would unseat E,
And, from 12 votes in Tennessee,
That H would wind up beating G.

As I turned off my set, I swore,
"What good are voters anymore?
"We might as well get rid of them
"And leave the vote to IBM."

Despite the Crooks Unbeatable



Despite the crooks unbeatable—
Those creepy clods unseatable—
With dirty deals despicable—
That make the voters trickable—

Despite folks made insensible
From views incomprehensible
In speeches unendurable
By party hacks incurable—

Despite campaigns regrettable
With promises forgettable—
Despite the rumors spreadable—
Our system works—Incredible!

Hi! I'm Julie Eisonpower with another in-depth interview for MAD Magazine! Why me? I don't know, either! They said they needed somebody who was "close to deception," but I don't know what that has to do with me! I don't know anyone like that, except for my interviewee, Mr. Alan Caveat-Emptor...

MAD'S PACKAGER OF THE YEAR



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: STAN HART

Don't you feel guilty about treating America's youngsters so unfairly, . . .?

Kid, we're saints compared to some! Listen, there's **ONE** outfit that takes **OLD GARBAGE** . . . puts a fancy new wrapper around it . . . and sells it to the suckers for a **BUCK**!!

What company is that awful???

The one that sent you on this interview! Ever study a MAD Magazine "Special"??

Have you made any advances in this area!

Yeah, but she always says "no"!!

I don't understand

Neither do I! How can she resist a face like mine? This wavy hair, this winning smile?



Let's stick to the subject of packaging...

This is packaging! I've got an expensive hair piece, capped teeth, the works!



I mean some of your successful attempts!

Well, our work with the razor blade people has been sharp! Only one blade can be used at a time, but how many can be bought at a time? Five, ten, twenty... welcome to the Wonderful World of Multi-Pak!



It appears to be an advantage to the consumer!

Appears is my middle name! The Multi-Pak allows us to sandwich second-rate blades between the first-rate blades! If the first and last shaves are smooth, the consumer forgets everything in-between!



I think it's just dreadful that you channel all your energies...

Energy! That's where it's at today! Everything is battery operated! Profit, thy name is Multi-Pak! Look at this winner—our best-selling 3-pak!

Is it the best deal for the money?

The worst! Most gadgets that operate on this sized battery need either 2 or 4 batteries to run it! By packaging them only in sets of three, well, you can see what it means!

They can save the extra and...

Dead before they ever get to use it! It's "3-pak time" again!

Another miracle of modern packaging, the blister pak! Let's watch that man try to open one...

It looks difficult!

Wrong—impossible!



You sound as if you're pleased...

Of course! It was my idea! The customer gets so frustrated, he has to buy aspirin!

And you just happen to package that, too!

Considering who you are, you're pretty smart! Yes, aspirin is another winner for me! The "child proof" protection cap was an inspiration!

You mean because children can't open it?

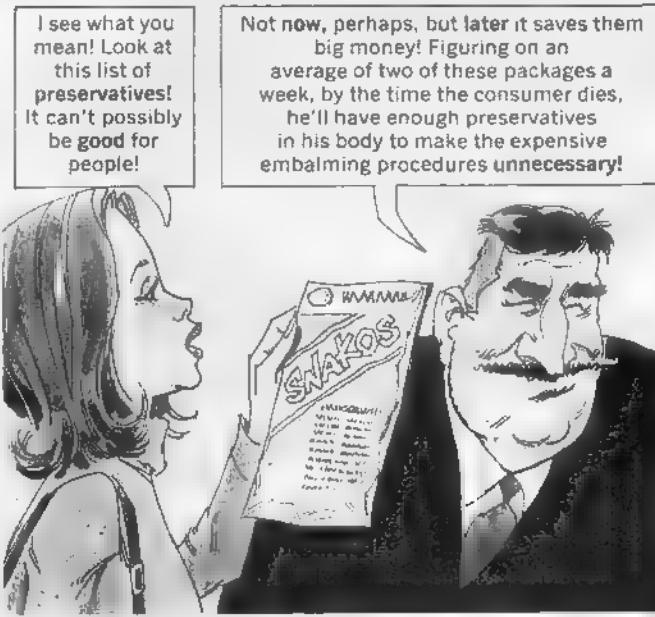
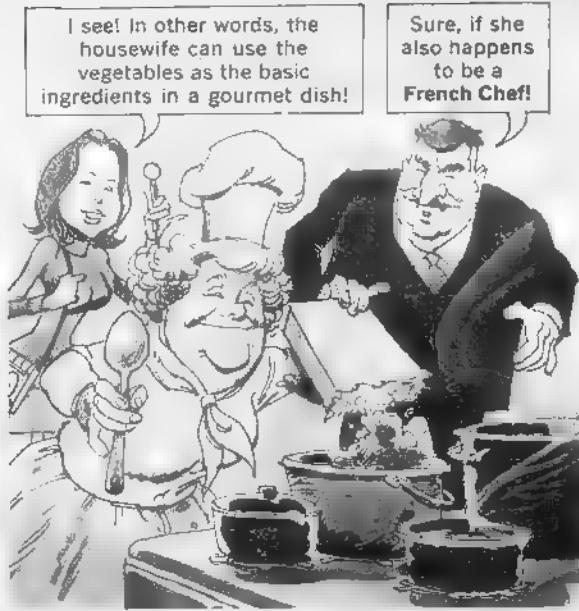
I take back what I said, dummy! No, because adults can't open it, either! More headaches!

Which means, of course more sales!

I take back what I just took back!







Part of the fun in this business is finding additional uses for products! Like this baking soda! We tell people to place an open box in their refrigerators!

Oh, I've seen those ads. The baking soda is supposed to guard against bad odors!

Right! And when they want to bake, they end up buying two boxes!

You mean because they forgot about the one in the refrigerator?

Correct! No American housewife ever knows what's in her refrigerator! Besides, even if she does remember, who's gonna use that stuff for baking after it's trapped all those lousy smells.



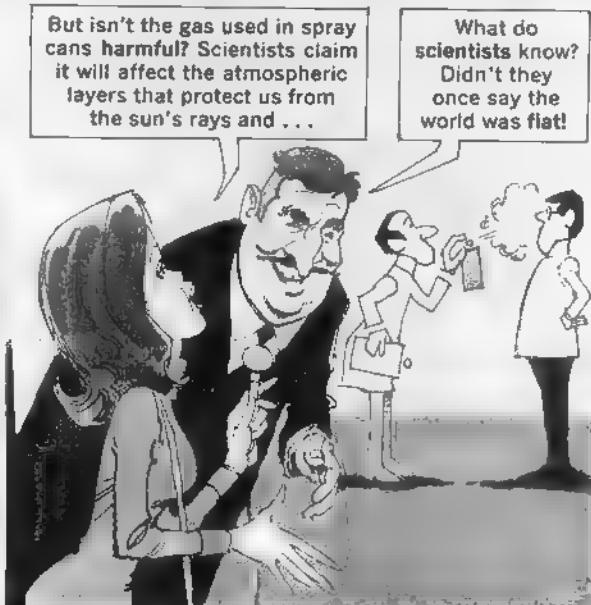
And now, the coup de grace! Le gran finale! The spray can! The wonderful, beautiful, glorious spray can!

But isn't the gas used in spray cans harmful? Scientists claim it will affect the atmospheric layers that protect us from the sun's rays and ...

What do scientists know? Didn't they once say the world was flat!

Yes, but then they agreed it was round!

If they can change their minds about the world, they can change their minds about spray cans!



It's amazing—just by dressing up a product, you can get people to buy it no matter how foolish or useless or dopey it is! What a sad commentary on the American people!

If you think that's sad, wait'll you see the big nothing we're packaging for the public to buy in November ...



CLIQUE IT AGAIN, SAM! DEPT.

HAS ANYBODY EVE

PHOTO RESEARCH BY: JERRY DE FUCCIO

A DRUNK IN A NIGHTCLUB TELL THEM TO



OR A RAGGED BEGGER

INTO A ROOM AND SAY



OR A BARTENDER SHOUT



OR AN UNSUCCESSFUL INVENTOR SAY



OR A POLICEMAN CALL

LAUNDRYMAN SAY



OR A COACH TELL A TEAM



OR A TRAFFIC COP ASK A SPEEDER



OR A GUY COME ON WITH

EDITOR YELL



OR A MUGGER WITH A GUN SAY



R REALLY HEARD...

WRITER: LARRY SHARP



ASK

OR A NEWSCASTER SAY

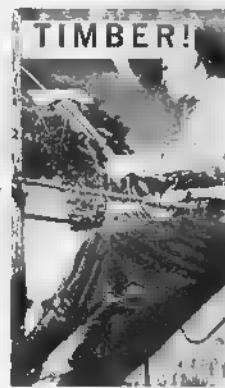


OR SOMEONE BOUND



OUT

OR A TRAINED PARROT SQUAWK



OR A POLICE RADIO BLARE



Calling all cars!

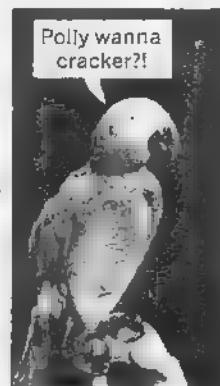
Calling all cars!



A PHOTOGRAPHER SAY



OR A STAR IN A FLOP SAY



OR A CHINESE



OR A SEXY FRENCH LADY SHOUT



OR A NEWSPAPER

SOMEONE SAY TO A C.A.B DRIVER



OR ANYONE SAY



THE ERA OF OUR WAYS DEPT.

In the beginning, Adam and Eve had two sons, Cain and Abel . . . and thus formed the world's first family. And from them, Mankind received a wonderful Legacy and a Code of Living that has served families for generations, namely: (a) Don't talk to snakes! . . . and (b) If your brother bugs you, hit him with a rock! But if some things remain the same, others change—particularly in the U.S. in the 20th century. So join us now as MAD Magazine examines . . .

THE CHANGING ATTITUDES OF THE AMERICAN FAMILY

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



... FROM THE ... THROUGH THE ... RIGHT ON
34. EARLY 1900'S MIDDLE 1900'S UP TO TODAY

SEX

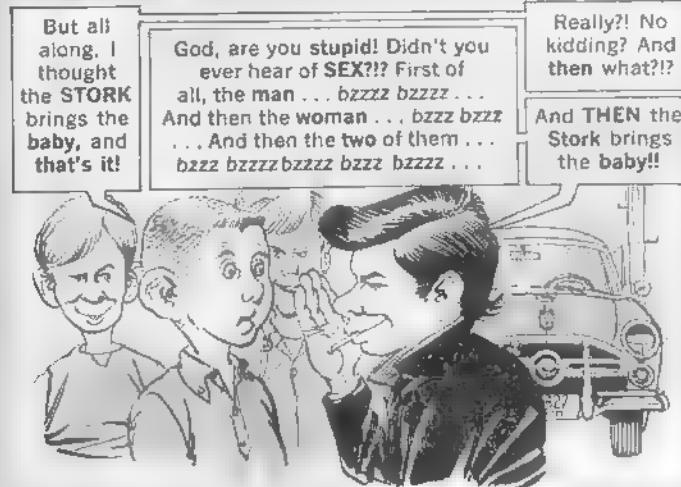
EARLY
1900'S

During this period, hardly anyone in the family ever discussed the subject of Sex.



MIDDLE
1900'S

Then, people talked about Sex. There was only one problem: They had it all wrong!



AND
TODAY

Nowadays, of course, everybody talks about Sex, everybody knows about it, and practically everybody's doing it.

Mom and I are proud of you, Ann! We heard that you and Steve were the only students in the history of your college who didn't go to bed together on your first date!

That's true, Dad! But we DID make out on a couch, on the floor, on a beach, and on a set of trapezes in the school gymnasium!



RELIGION

EARLY
1900'S

During this period, just about everybody went to Church...

Wonderful sermon, Father Garrity!

Thank you! And it's so nice to see your children with you! God helps those who go to Church!

God help THEM if they DON'T!



MIDDLE
1900'S

Then, people weren't going to Church quite as often as before. And even when they DID go, some weird things were happening...

Well, Nancy, don't you feel like a much better Christian, now that you've confessed all of your sins?

I sure do, Father! And now, if you'll excuse me, I'm meeting my boy friend at the Boom-Boom Motel!

The Boom-Boom Motel?! What's going on there?

I'll tell you all about it at NEXT week's Confession!



...AND
TODAY

If you can believe it...nowadays, even WEIRDER things are happening!

Mom! Dad! Guess what! I'm getting married!

How wonderful! We must contact Father O'Hara! He officiated at your Sister's wedding!

He's already agreed to marry me!

Father O'Hara will be officiating at your ceremony?

Not like I said . . . he's agreed to MARRY ME!!



RESPECT

EARLY
1900'S

In this period, the Family was ruled by a dictatorial, powerfully built, strong masculine presence—the American Father.

TODAY, WE WILL VISIT MY MOTHER IN NEW JERSEY! IS THAT CLEAR?!

Yes, Harold!

Yes, Father!

Yes, Sir!



MIDDLE
1900'S

With a growing permissiveness and independence within the Family structure, the Father, in an effort to be fair, no longer commanded. Now, he asked. The only trouble was...nobody answered.

Hey, gang! What say we visit Granny in New Jersey? Okay, scratch that! What say she visits us from New Jersey? Okay, then it's settled! We'll meet her half-way, like in the middle of the Lincoln Tunnel, and wave!

Now, what say I buy her a car first . . . so she doesn't get killed???



...AND
TODAY

Nowadays, in a sense, we have returned to some old fashioned values. Once again, the Family is ruled by a dictatorial, powerfully built, strong masculine presence, mainly the American Mother!

TODAY, WE WILL VISIT MY MOTHER IN PHILADELPHIA! IS THAT CLEAR?

Yes, Agatha!

Yes, Mother!

Yes, Sir!



MENTAL PROBLEMS

EARLY
1900'S

During this period, there was a very simple way to treat mental problems.

I don't know what's wrong with me! I'm so depressed lately! I—I think I'm on the verge of a nervous breakdown!

All you need is a change of scene! How'd you like to go to CONEY ISLAND?

But you know how I hate the beach! That awful sand! That dirty ocean! That burning sun!

Okay, then how'd you like to go to a Lunatic Asylum?

BY THE SEA,
BY THE SEA,
BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA . . .



MIDDLE
1900'S

Folks were more realistic about Mental Health. Psychoanalysis was popular, and people were a lot richer for it. Mainly, the Psychiatrists.

Doctor . . . I've been seeing you three times a week at \$25.00 a visit for the last ten years! When am I ever going to be CURED???

Your hour is up! We'll discuss it next time!

Next time! It's always next time! Well, there's not going to BE a next time! I've had it! It's like throwing money down a toilet!

NOW you're CURED!

I am? Then how come I feel lousy!

We'll discuss it next time!



...AND
TODAY

Nowadays, Psychiatry is gradually being phased out. Because people are better adjusted now?!? You gotta be kidding!!

How are things, Rob?

Fantastic!! I'm into Group Therapy, Encounter, Yoga, Transcendental Meditation, EST, and Gestalt

Great! Then you've finally learned to cope with the REAL WORLD!!

COPE with the real world? For the last 5 years, I haven't even been IN it!

How come . . . ?

Because I spend all my time in Group Therapy, Encounter, Yoga, Transcendental Meditation, EST and Gestalt!



PROFANITY

EARLY
1900'S

In those days, very few kids used Profanity. And if they ever did, the roof would fall in.

What's going on, Abigail?

Little Theodore said a dirty word and Mother was washing out his mouth with soap and water.



MIDDLE
1900'S

Then, ALL kids were using Profanity, except they'd never dare use it around the house...

What are you doing in there, Marvin . . . ?!

Smoking a cigarette . . . drinking booze . . . reading a dirty book . . . and other things!

All right . . . that's nice . . . as long as you don't curse!



...AND
TODAY

Nowadays, it isn't even worth discussing...

You're nothing but a @#\$#!★ and a @#\$#!★ and a @#\$#!★ not to mention a @#\$#!★

Good Lord! Those are absolutely the FOULEST words I've heard since I left the Navy! Please—keep your voice down! Do you want the kids to hear you?!!?

HEAR me? Who do you think TAUGHT them to me?!!?



LEISURE TIME

EARLY
1900'S

In this period, families used to gather together in the living room and have all kinds of fun among themselves...



MIDDLE
1900'S

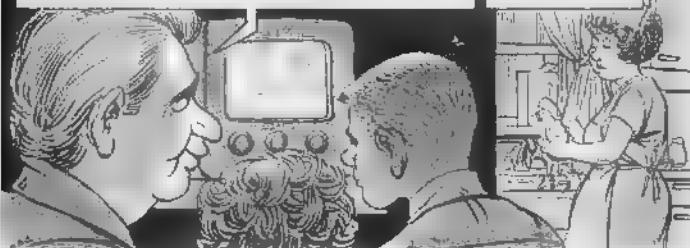
With the advent of television, families gathered in the living room, but they were so engrossed in the tiny 7-inch screen that they hardly paid any attention to each other...or anything else.

Well, kids, we've been watching 17 straight hours of TV! Next is "Howdy Doody," then comes "Kukla, Fran and Ollie," then we'll watch Uncle Miltie and... Oh, golly, we've been dominating the set long enough...

MARY! WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE?

I'd like to see that television set thrown into the GARBAGE!!

What channel is THAT on?



...AND
TODAY

Once again, in the good old days, families are gathering in living rooms and having fun among themselves. There's only one problem: Sometimes, the families are a little mixed up.

Shirley, baby! Fred was right! You ARE a terrific wife!!

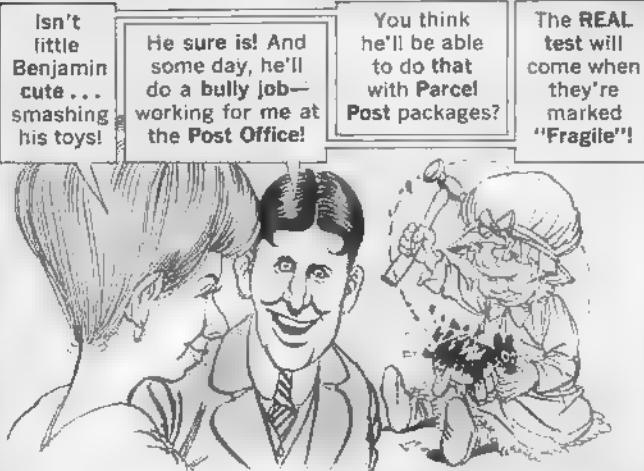
Sidney, doll! I only hope Fred is having as much fun with YOUR wife, Zelda, as I'm having with YOU!!



CAREERS

EARLY
1900'S

In those days, most boys' Careers were planned long in advance...usually by their Fathers...



MIDDLE
1900'S

With the GI Bill of Rights after World War II, and a booming economy, many boys were able to go to college and to choose their own Careers.

Well, Son! What big plans have you got in mind, now that I've invested my life's savings... putting you through college?

First of all, I'm going to check the pages and pages of Want Ads in the N.Y. Times for all the employers eagerly looking for college graduates who majored in "Basket Weaving" and "Medieval Plumbing"...

And then? And then I'm going to get a job... working for you at the Post Office!



...AND
TODAY

With the Rock Music Industry where it is today, many young people have no problem at all with their Careers. But hiring good help is tough.

Look, Man! I need a mature dude to go for coffee, fight off the Groupies, and answer my fan mail! I'll pay \$85 a week! What say?

\$85? But YOU earn over \$10,000 a week!

Hey! Take it or leave it!
Well, okay! I guess it beats working at the Post Office!

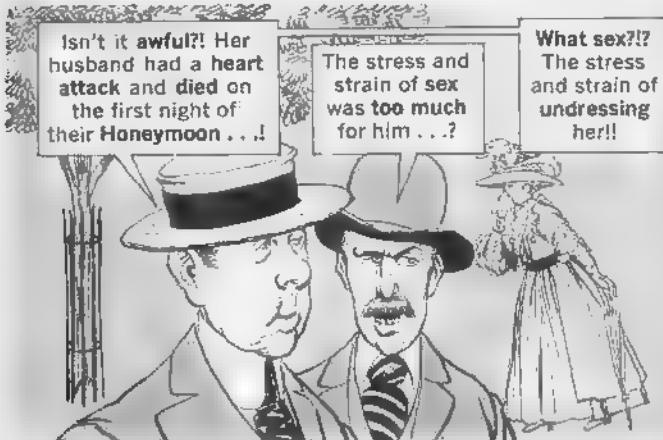
Great!! Welcome aboard, Dad!



DRESS

EARLY
1900'S

In those days, most people dressed very fancy and wore tons of clothes. For instance, women wore corsets and girdles and eight petticoats and three hoop skirts and God knows what else.



MIDDLE
1900'S

In the Great Depression, most people couldn't afford fancy clothes even if they wanted them. In fact, one third of the nation was in rags.



...AND
TODAY

We've got problems today, but there's still a lot of affluence in the land. So how come now everybody dresses like "Oakies" all the time?!



PREGNANCY

EARLY
1900'S

In keeping with the Victorian approach toward sex, whenever a woman learned that she was Pregnant, she'd never come right out and say it. Instead, she'd throw little hints around.

I have news for you, Arnold! Soon, we're going to hear the pitter-patter of tiny feet, and there's going to be a noisy visitor in our house!

Hmmmm! Let's see! I already caught that mouse! And your Mother is with your Sister in Kansas City! So I guess I'll go out and buy a crib!



MIDDLE
1900'S

Then, while a husband and wife were still coy about the subject of Pregnancy, at least they acknowledged what they were fuming about.

Dear . . . I just came from the Doctor's office! I'm going to have a . . . you know!

Wow! Terrific! We're having a . . . you know! Now, honey, take it easy! Lie down! I'll handle everything! Get plenty of rest and don't do a thing!

But, Marvin! The baby's not due for six months!

Oh! Well, in that case, you wanna shovel off the driveway? The snow is getting deep, and I wanna pull in the car!



...AND
TODAY

There's very little hemming and hawing . . . and everything is on the table . . .

Hal, I just found out that I'm pregnant!

Fantastic, honey! That's great news! Just think! We've been trying and trying for over ten years . . . and it's finally happened! I couldn't be happier! Er . . . when is the baby due . . . ?

In six months.

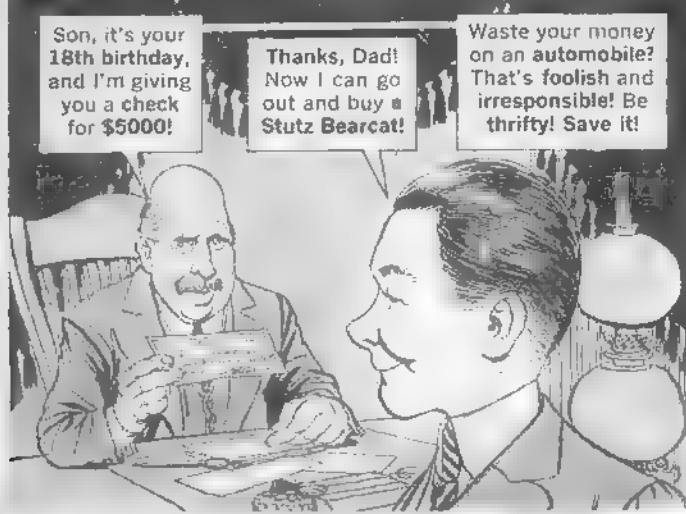
Terrific! When do you want to get married? Before . . . or after . . . ?



MONEY

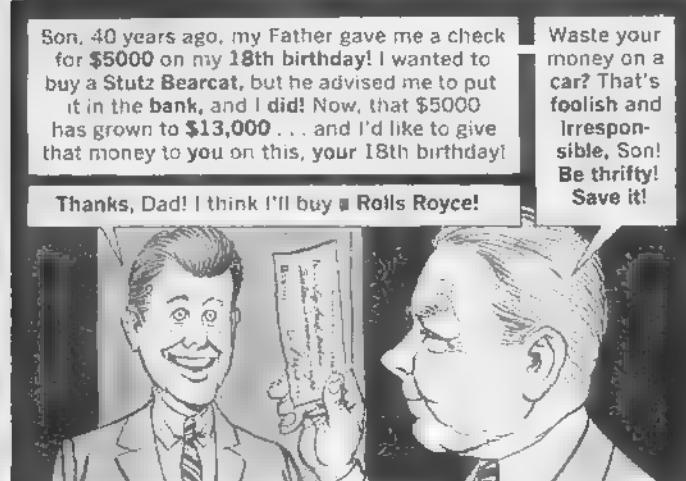
EARLY
1900'S

In those days, there was only one thing to do with money: Save it.



MIDDLE
1900'S

Well, the Son did exactly as his Father had advised and put the \$5000 in a bank! Then, 40 years later, on HIS Son's 18th birthday:



AND
TODAY

Well, the Son obeyed his Father's wishes and put the \$13,000 in the bank. Then, 26 years later, the Son told the story to HIS Son and gave him the money, now grown to \$20,000...

Here, Son, and there's a lesson in thrif...

But if your Grandpa had bought a Stutz Bearcat instead of putting that \$5000 in the bank, what would you have now...?

One thing I can't stand is a smart-ass kid!!

Yeah! About what \$5000 could buy 65 years ago!

An antique automobile worth about \$45,000!!!



DEATH

EARLY
1900'S

During this period, the subject of Death was avoided, and if it ever was discussed, it was treated like some beautiful, mysterious thing.

I have something to tell you all! Dear Grandpa has gone to his Reward! Yes, he's left this Vale of Tears, and he's gone to meet his Maker across the Great Divide!

Say what you want . . . sounds like the ol' boy CROAKED to me!



MIDDLE
1900'S

Then, people were more candid about Death. However, the results weren't much better.

Mom, I've got some terrible news . . . Grandma just died!

Oh, no!! Why her!! She was so young! She had so much to live for! Life is cruel! She was everything to me! She raised me as a girl! She nursed me . . . fed me—

Hold it, Mom . . . ! Not YOUR Mother! DAD's Mother!!

Oh, well . . . when you gotta go, you gotta go!



...AND TODAY Nowadays, things aren't as bad! They're worse!

Mom, it's Dad—at the airport! His flight just landed safely!

There goes another \$300,000 insurance policy shot to hell!

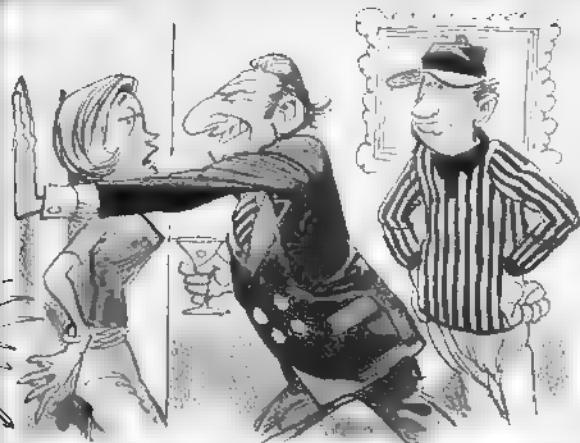


A FLAG ON THE PLOY DEPT.

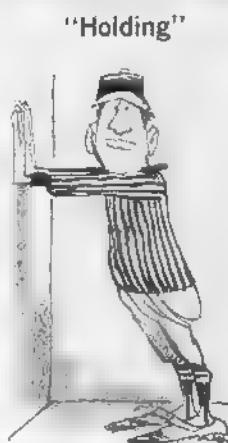
INFRACTIONS

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

THE INFRACTION:



THE CALL:



THE PENALTY:

Having To Listen To One's Own Drivel For A Whole Evening



THE INFRACTION:



THE CALL:



THE PENALTY:

Being Barred From Use Of The Bathroom For Duration Of Event



THE INFRACTION:



THE CALL:



THE PENALTY:

One 340-Pound Return Stomp

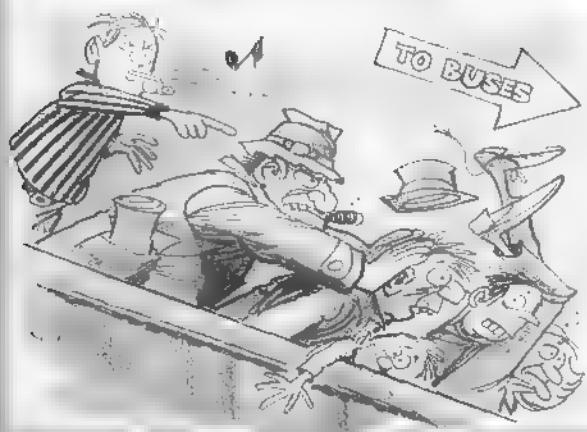


WE'D LIKE TO SEE CALLED IN EVERYDAY LIFE

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



THE INFRACTION:



THE CALL:



THE PENALTY:



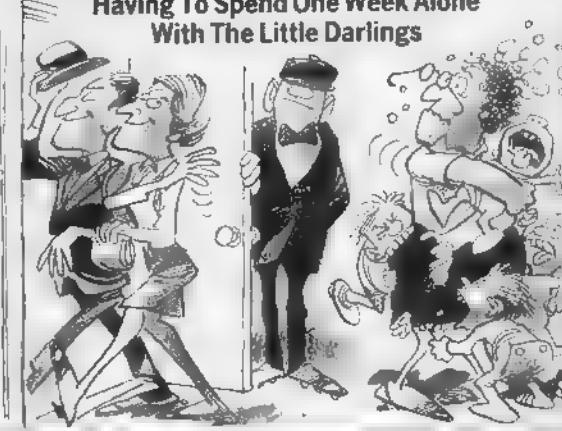
THE INFRACTION:



THE CALL:



THE PENALTY:



THE INFRACTION:



THE CALL:



THE PENALTY:



THE INFRACTION:



THE CALL:

"Passing To An Illegal Receiver Downfield"



THE PENALTY:

Insufficient Tip



THE INFRACTION:



THE CALL:

"Too Much Time Out"



THE PENALTY:

Garlic Breath From Next Five Patients



THE INFRACTION:



THE CALL:

"Too Much Time In The Huddle"



THE PENALTY:

Having To Spend Remainder Of Evening With Her Parents



THE INFRACTION:



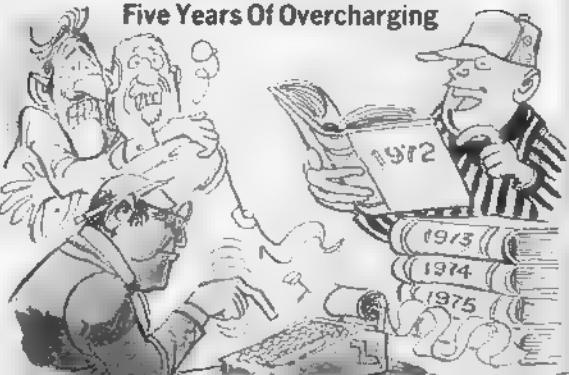
THE CALL:

"Clipping"



THE PENALTY:

Internal Revenue Audits Of Five Years Of Overcharging



MOORE OF THE SAME DEPT.

Hi, there! Remember me? That adorable nincompoop from "The Mary Tailor-Made Show"?

Well, I have my own series these days! And, although it's hard to believe, I'm a bigger star now than I was before! I'm also a bigger nincompoop! Which, if you remember me from the old days, is even HARDER to believe! In fact, I'm downright

PHOOLISH

Anyway . . . not long ago, my poor Husband . . . Lard . . . died! But if you think that it destroyed my overall will to live, you really underestimate me!

I squared my shoulders, I dried my tears, and I did what any gutsy, liberated Widow would do under the same circumstances! I moved into a big house in San Francisco with my Husband's wealthy Parents! And if you believe THAT for a premise of A TV Series, come around! I want to sell you the Golden Gate Bridge!

Well, our episode is about to begin, so meet the only two people in the whole world who would tolerate a middle-aged idiot . . . mainly, two ELDERLY idiots!

Hello, everybody! Golly, I'm a lucky girl to be staying with you two wonderful people! You make me feel so good! You're the only ones I've ever met who are HAPPIER than I am!

You make US feel good, too, dear!

That's nice! How come?

You're the only one WE'VE ever met who is DUMBER than we are!



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

I'm so glad! How are you this evening, Tawdry? Did you have a rough day at the office?

That's hard to say since I haven't been to the office yet today! Another thing, this isn't evening, it's morning! And thirdly, I'm Yawnathan! SHE's Tawdry!

Oh, well! None out of three isn't bad!

Bad?? For YOU . . . that's GREAT!!

What are you two going to talk about before we develop our customary weekly moronic problem?

I've got it, Tawdry! Why don't we make some more of those cute little geriatric jokes about our sex life?

Good idea! Sex is a healthy subject . . . and too many elderly folks in our audience have not only given it up, but are revolted by it!

Since when have elderly folks been revolted by sex?

Since we started making those cute little jokes about it!



Golly gee, don't we have FUN around here!

You bet! But sometimes, I can't help worrying about the plausibility of this Series! I mean, who could swallow a grown woman coming to live with her In-Laws? Who could buy all of us living in this luxury on my income? And only an imbecile would believe I'm a Judge!

Yawnathan, I believe you're a Judge!!

That's what I mean!!

Well, Phoolish . . . what idiotic problem have you come up with that we can chuckle about this week?

Gee, whillikers, I don't know, Yawnathan! Everything seems to be hunky-dory this week! I . . . I guess I don't HAVE a problem!



Oh, c'mon! You ALWAYS have a problem! Remember last week, when you thought you had a deadly disease, but then we found out it was only heat rash . . . and you'd accidentally mixed up your X-ray plates with an 86-year-old man's! God, how we all laughed at that till we thought we'd die! Including the old man . . . who DID!!

No, dear! I believe you saw that one on a re-run of "My Little Margie"!

And what do you think THIS show is?! Come on, Phoolish . . . what's your doltish little problem for this week?

Honest Injun', I just don't HAVE a problem!

Okay . . . where's Judge Drecker?!!

But cheer up! I think YOU might have one!!



I'M Judge Drecker! What do you want with me?

Don't you remember me? Charles "Bugsy" Rocko? You sent me to prison 40 years ago, and I swore I'd get you when I got out! Well, Judge, I got out on Monday!

But how did you find me so fast?

It was the weird-est coincidence! Some crazy woman tipped me off!

Hello, Mr. Rocko!

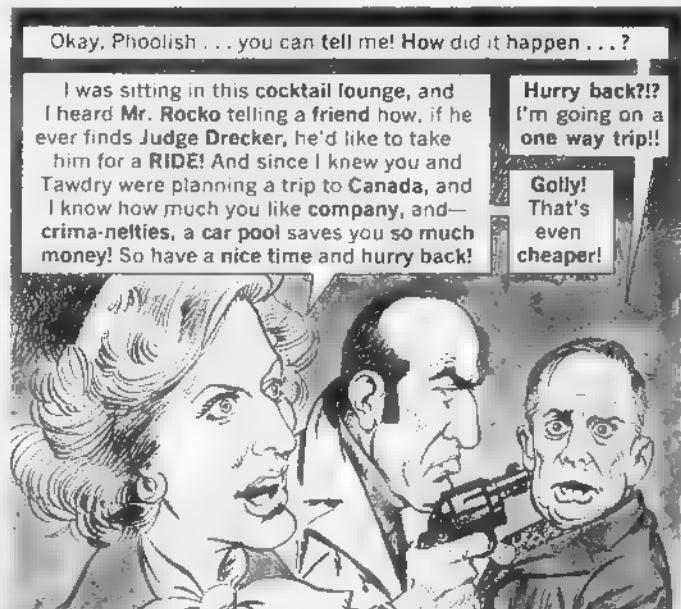
Hello, crazy woman!

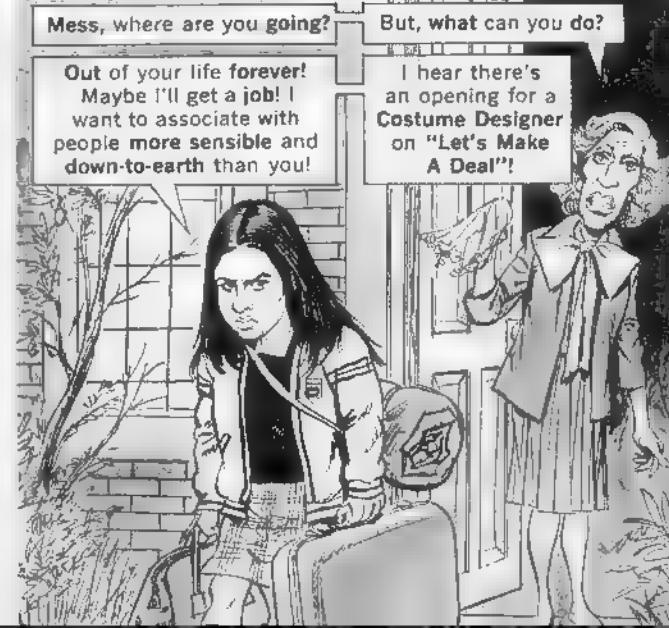
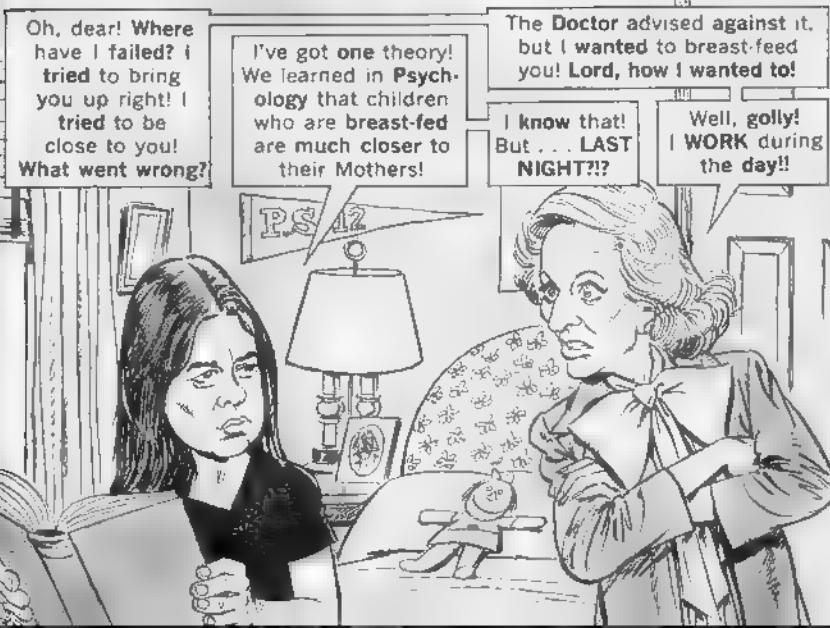
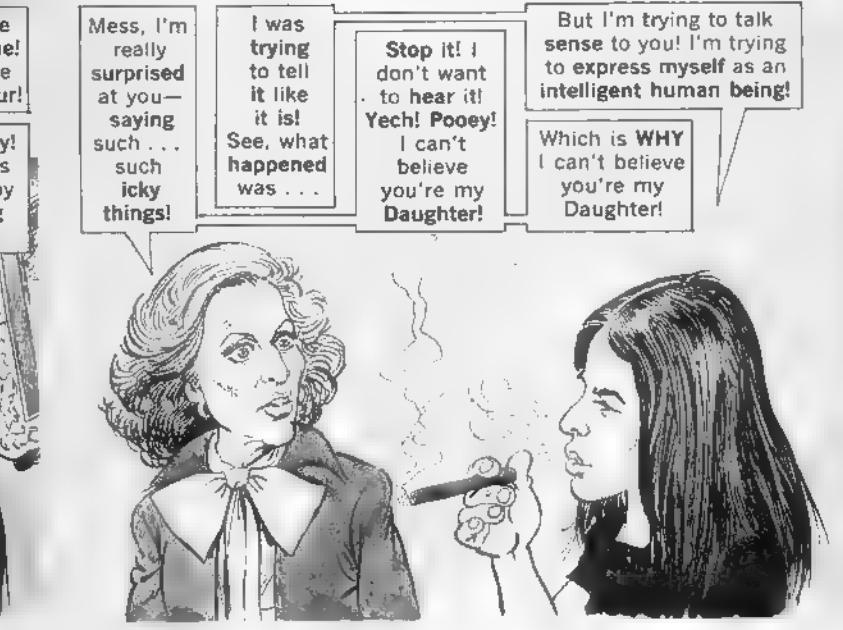
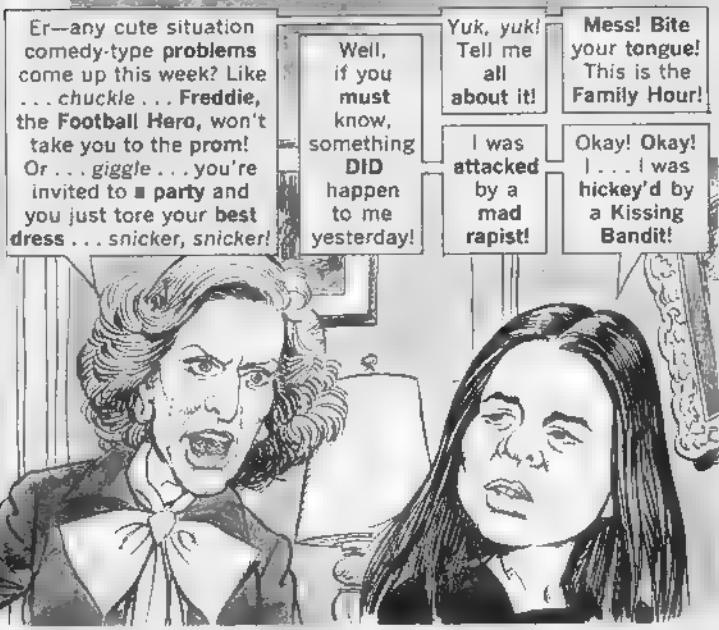
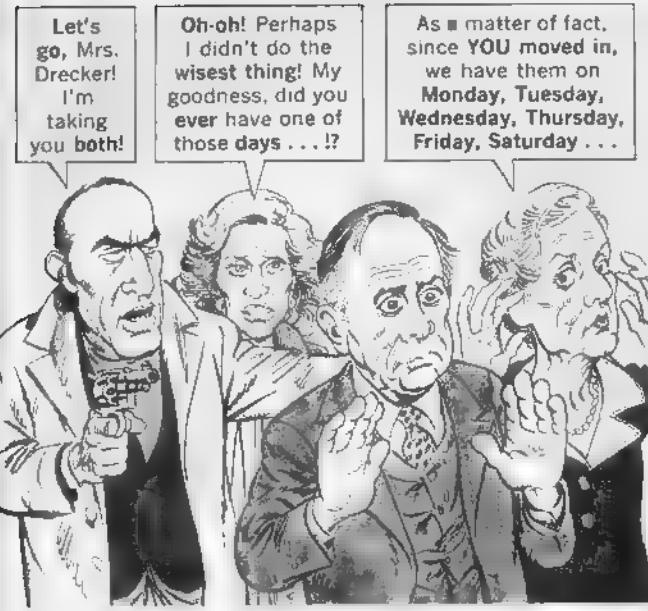
Okay, Phoolish . . . you can tell me! How did it happen . . . ?

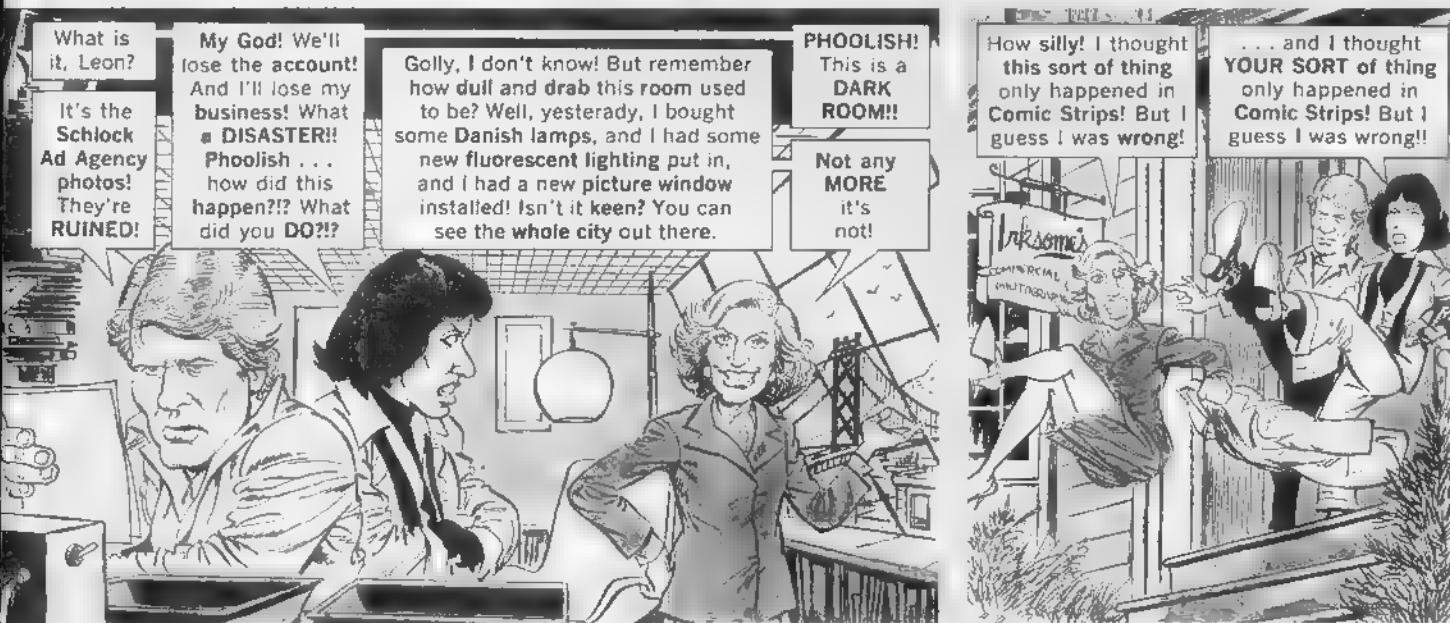
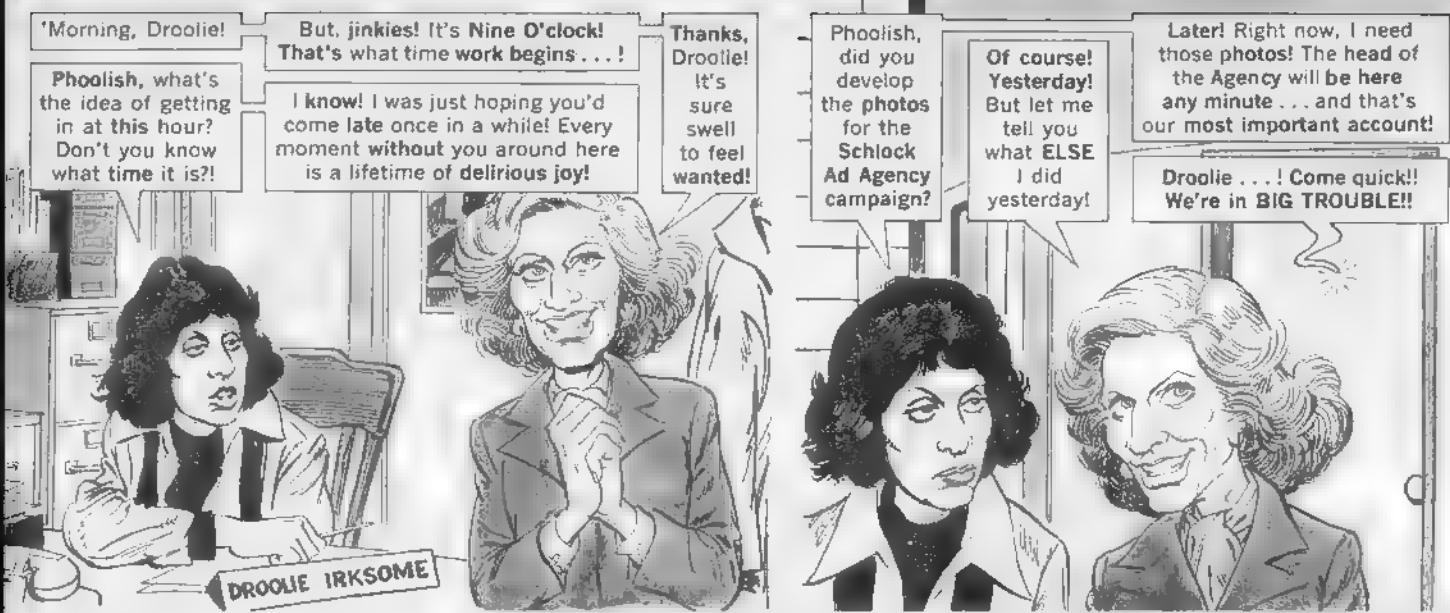
I was sitting in this cocktail lounge, and I heard Mr. Rocko telling a friend how, if he ever finds Judge Drecker, he'd like to take him for a RIDE! And since I knew you and Tawdry were planning a trip to Canada, and I know how much you like company, and crima-nelties, a car pool saves you so much money! So have a nice time and hurry back!

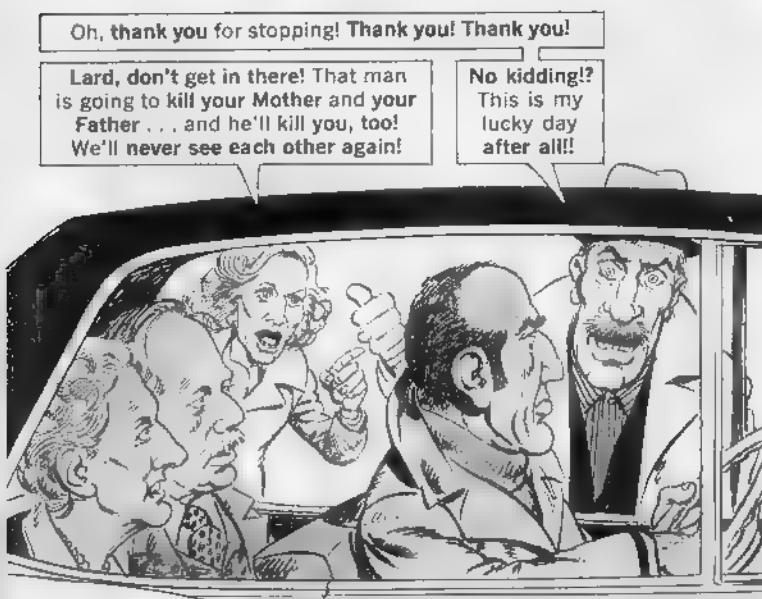
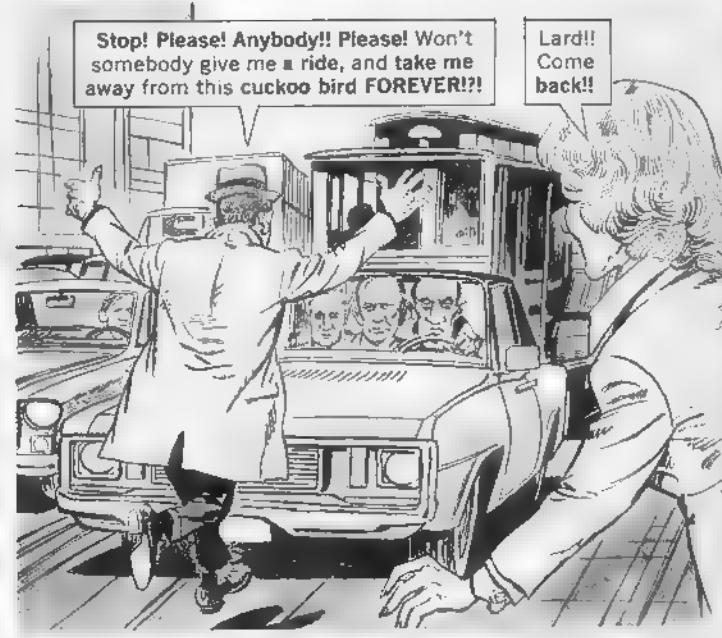
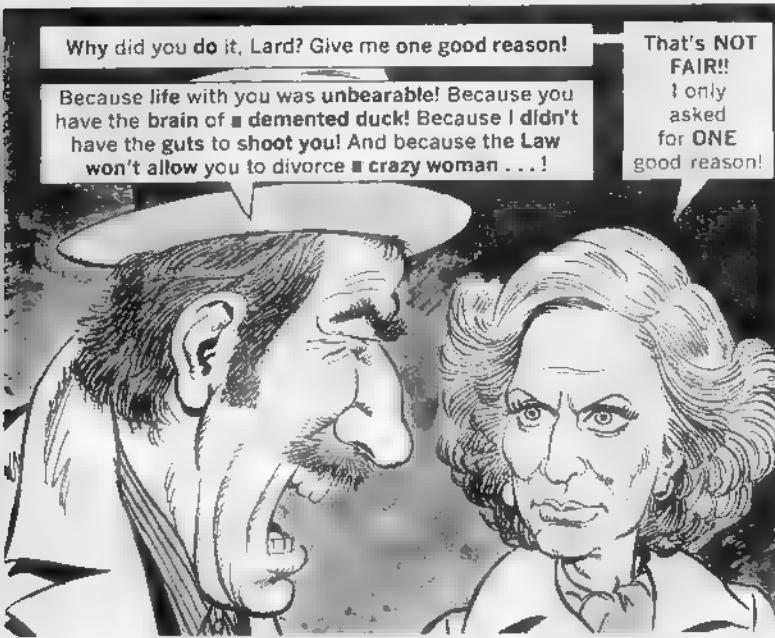
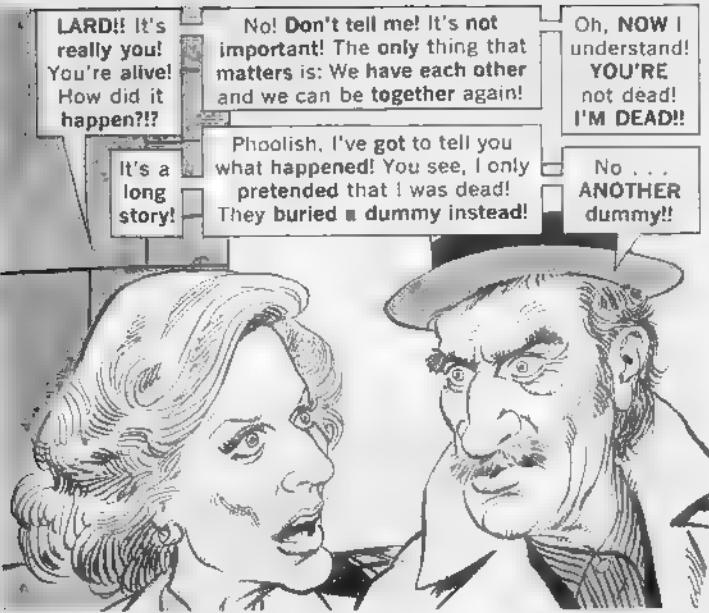
Hurry back?!! I'm going on a one way trip!!

Golly! That's even cheaper!

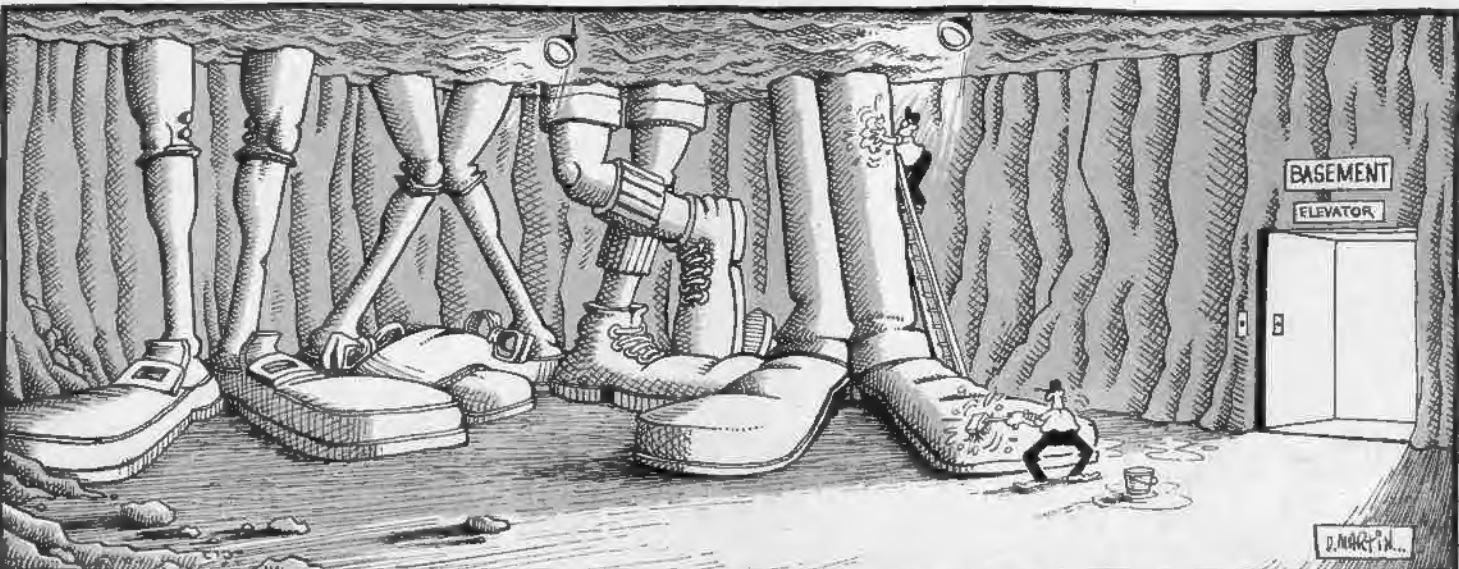
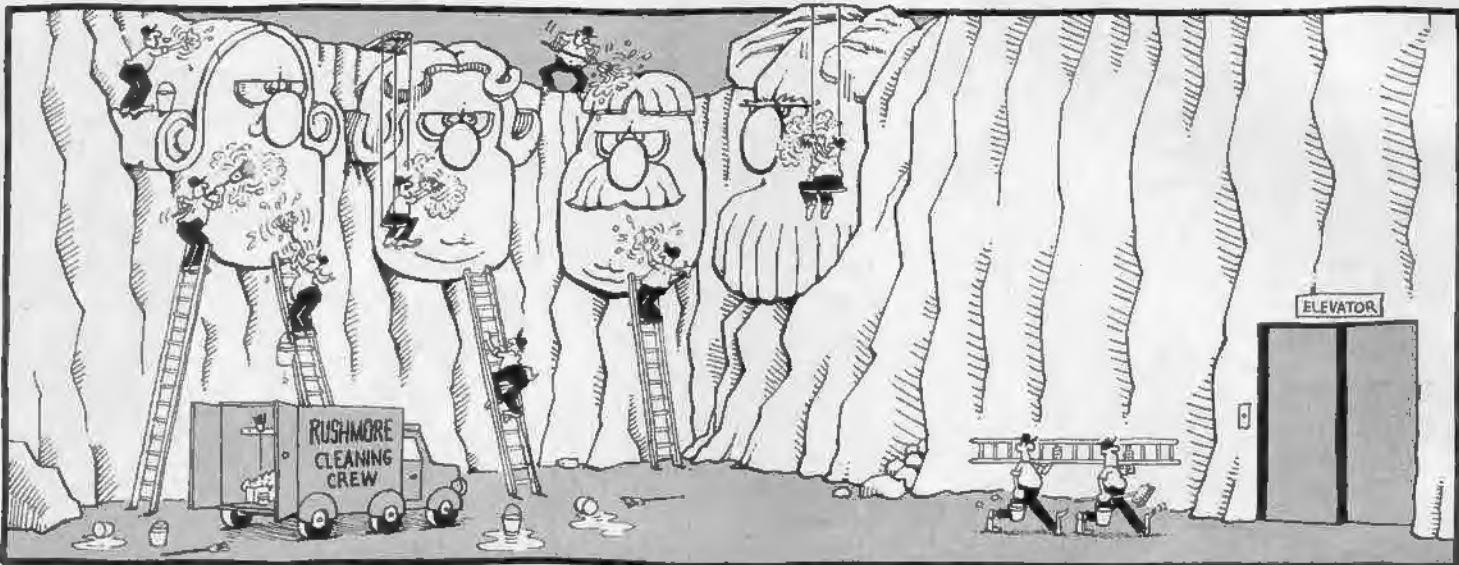
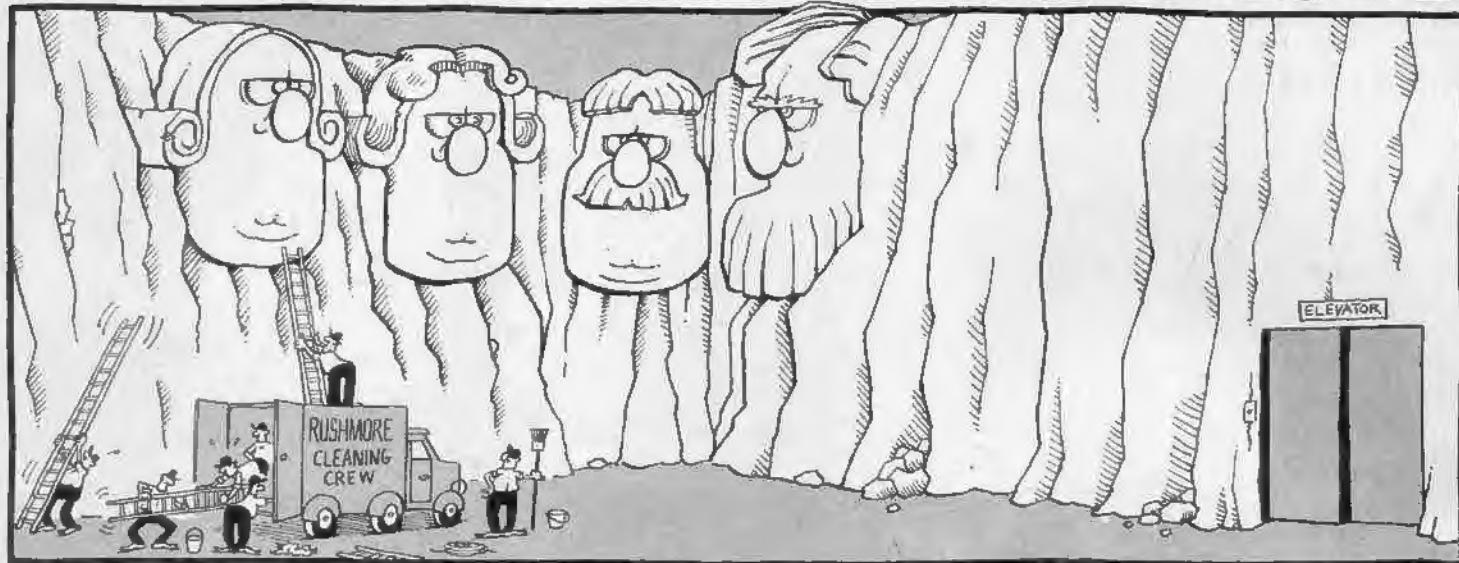








ONE DAY AT MOUNT RUSHMORE



WHAT
IMPORTANT
EXECUTIVE
POSITION
SHOULD YOU
TRAIN FOR?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Most of us are familiar with the typical corporate executive positions that exist in the world of big business. But one important position has come to light lately which offers a fantastic new area of advancement for ambitious young executive trainees. To learn this position, fold in the page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A►

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



CORPS OF CAREFULLY-TRAINED PEOPLE ARE NEEDED TO INVIGORATE
BROKEN DOWN COMPANIES. AND JOINING THIS EXECUTIVE TRIBE
OFFERS REWARDS THAT CAN MAKE ALL-AROUND-LIVING LOTS NICER

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A►

◀B

WHAT
IMPORTANT
EXECUTIVE
POSITION
SHOULD YOU
TRAIN FOR?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ► ◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

CORPORATE
BRIBE
OFFICER

A ► ◀ B

LET US ~~X~~ SPRAY

